The Waves.

Vol.

VI.

5th November 1930

I am blown like a leaf on the wind by life; wandering
this way, that, high & low. ~~Knock~~. brushing the wet
grass. then whirled up.

~~I hesitate, but there is no~~

I am flutter with natural happiness, & sometimes long
that the load could fall from me. Sometimes when we
sit, my husband in his chair, holding the paper, which he
does not read, (soon he will move; ~~he will not read~~
soon he will be heavy) I stay the thread at the eye of my
needle: the lamp stood in the middle of the table
kindles the dark hair; I see a lamplit street among
the green trees. Jenny in her yellow dress rises from a
motor car: & they go up stairs, all in evening dress,
men & women, ~~coming together~~, & they talk of politics,
pictures, books perhaps; & when they ~~do not talk, but~~
withdraw & into some ~~corner~~ alcove, into some sunken seat,
& there pierce out the warm, the juicy, the intoxicating
essence, so that the houses opposite bend a red, Jenny says
she said "~~How~~ is life. ~~When the door opens & he comes in~~"

Greeting each other,

"The door opens" she said. "& he comes in. The world is Changed"

But there is no wind in our house. ~~The wind~~
~~makes through the trees~~ The wind makes the trees
Creak; ~~there is a creak~~ a moth hits the lamp;
some cow lows in the field: ~~& then~~ I thread my
~~needle~~" Then I draw my thread through the
muslin; & say this is happiness; this is life "

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"Now then make up stories," said Jenny. "~~Two lots~~
Who is he? & who is she? Who are they, all these people?
Let me tell you first, since we have never met before, that I am
twenty six & ~~have~~ ~~been~~ married, ~~four years~~ and
extremely curious: life has many turnings: Round
the next corner, ~~maybe anything~~ whatever may
not know, ~~when~~ & were to ask me, I have a coach-
four: & with Lear Mr Nathan's shop in Piccadilly at
ten thirty precisely; will you come? — I ~~would~~ ~~come~~.
I would hastily fling a few necessaries in a hand bag & start
But now, hand me ~~back~~; & let me hang them, here,
there, here, as I were decorating a Christmas tree; let be
Stuck. They move so stealthily; & are gone: In they
come out they go. That man there, rather heavy
but distinguished; he has surrounded, ~~with~~ by
beautiful hats. &c. And had a tragedy: & loved a
Girl; she died; ~~and~~ or she left him; hence the hats; the
flowers. The rare, from China & Mexico, dug out of the
earth, & bound among crocodile skins & old funk in
shops. But since beauty must be broken daily in
order to remain beautiful, (She is static as you see,
& cannot break her hats, like, as you do, Reynolds
round him: note the blueness under the chin; note the
weary bags under the Eyes.) He has a
mother, they say, in Bayswater. Who he was in
the army & sat on damp ground & drank rum
with soldiers. She must be stuck: one more add
fact & just deftly: for ~~now~~ they get up & go off. And
there's another, like a butler bending to ~~take~~ kiss the hand
of an old woman in a sofa; his manner in life
surely has been due to stooping, & she, on the sofa,

What are
there lives?
What have
they done?

Fact, fact;

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dictatorially

picturesquely like a mountain goat leaping crevasses.

But to go on.

You do not know.

suffocating her lost in a wood, crumpled & wrinkled as she is, with a few perfect & splendid diamonds, must be the daughter of an earl, probably: a shuffling shabby old woman, trundling about her details in a hansom cab.

I have lived all my life rather hazardously on the verge of starvation. What? what fun, a hat? I starve. That man you say is a Judge; that man is enormously rich. whether on the bench or at his club, I cannot say. That man with the Egyptian. That his forefinger through the heart when he was ten years old. When he rode to Persia. He fought in a revolution. He married a barmaid. He now does nothing but collect materials for a book on his mother's family who have some connection with one of your great cathedrals. That other man with a blue chin has lost the fingers of one hand: in fact the whole hand is shrivelled. But why? ~~In what adventure~~? That woman, you whisper, with the heart hazardous hanging from her ears, was the flame & who let the life of one of your Yorkshiremen. Now she deals in second shorts & tells fortunes & breeds cats & has adopted a coffee coloured youth — And that man, Sardonic, Ironbrow, rarely to be seen at parties, lived a life of the utmost debauchery, (it will all be in memoirs) until he met a stranger on a train who took out a Bible & converted him between Edinburgh & Carlisle. ~~So that he is now~~

But to go on. This is the forecourt & stage-scenery of life. There are the abraded & battered shells the carts in the shops stood, engraved with such strange hieroglyphics

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that to unfold them their rebellion is to turn dizzy & laugh –
Clap our hands at the exceeding Wayness of the entertainment.
That stout man is an architect: & the, whose legs almost died
for love of some body; was & that old man is was
once Lord Chancellor.

Yes; there is an immense amount of knowledge in
this room. Between us we could.

x

But
Facts – facts – facts; but which of these facts is the one that
matters? Which draws the others into order? How
do they come to be torn & mangled as we see? Where is
the truth; & how have they come to bear these
ill assorted ornaments? &
Those flattering Man, those withered hands?

But I do not know, nor. If I could know, would I
forsake my seeing, my to watch dancers, its
Cross star & light better than this chasing, for the
sadness which the other sort of knowledge.

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Here then are facts & facts & facts; odd facts, monstrous facts, ~~huge~~ diamonds, huge withered fingers. That we who live by the body, whose bodily imagination is so sharp & char, ~~the~~ these without shadow, grotesquely, may be true. as you say. As you say, there is no such violent outline to you; ~~because you go~~ there are shades & dark places to you. But I cannot remain seated, looking on. I wish to be among them, in case the couch should want, ~~& I not there~~. I My body is always / tending to signals, the ~~black~~ & gold ~~which says~~ Come, the black ~~which says~~ ~~No~~, across the room. Then the dazzle & the flutter, & then push ~~down & welter up these waves~~. I must jump up & see you. I cannot ~~make any sense of facts, or say~~ tell you, if it's like is good or bad. I take facts as a monkey takes nuts into its naked paws. I am going to push out now into that ~~restless~~ ~~the~~ shifting crowd; I am going to be buffeted by ~~men~~ ~~every kind of person~~ negroes.

And then, halfway across the room, the abrupt ~~chapter~~ ~~and~~ checker of all this light movement, ~~twists~~ into one long ~~black~~ ~~gay~~ shaft, ~~across~~, enveloping me. Have I waved my arm? or is it merely that my yellow scarf with the strawberry reds. Floating, has signalled, & that man there, giving a little gasp (how ~~flickering~~, how instinctive how ~~then~~ nocturnal, as ~~if~~ we were alone in a forest, where the wild birds ~~go crashing~~ screaming through the boughs) pauses, glances, & follows.

~~Then~~ Now ~~every sense~~ my body is all sensation: Now I feel ~~this~~ / iron railing of the Vatican is ~~flattened~~, ~~flickered~~; now I feel this

Curious of other bodies,

Intends dancing thoughts.

among sensations

Conjuring me on.

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Curtain is made of rough gold; and its still folds; now
now I feel the even texture is blistered with little lumps;
Now I feel the great tide of darkness – here in the
Garden – break upon me; remember; Evermore:
night open; & night alive with all its moths, &
secret adventurers; & pattering; & bold & ~~bold~~ night
roaming, & has a light that moves. Also I am
Now every nerve strives towards those hidden darkness:
Dead high darkness they smell sweet. And I feel the
Gravel under my shoes; & the grass; & then the sky forms
fall back showing with their so many lights; & forms
Eugene throbs

with its uneasy restless light.

Now let us sing our love song. Come, Come, Come,
~~that has been my cry, Come~~ Come here & now. All
beauty has flowered tonight. A great flash has
shaken the sky. Limbs hardness & softness.
I am ~~so~~ ~~light~~ like the nightingale whose note
bubbles & carves flow for future. Sing sing sing I
cry. And I feel the blood beating in my throat. As
of the heart & the word had fused & let fall their
like wild animals in the forest. The birds so
dreamy high the trees. The monkeys
chew & jabber ~~& roar low would cry, & shout~~
We are all hunting devouring & tumbling
over each other. Run away the thorns.
Here is one that needs me. Run deep into me.
And then velvet flowers & leaves that where
Coolness has been stood in steam, green, lean,
floaty lean enfolding me. & breathe me. &
wrap ~~me~~ black me, with Then is life.

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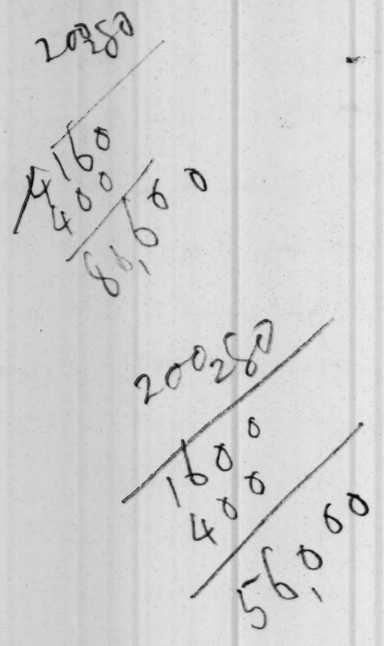

"To sit with you" said Neville, "alone with you; here in London, this fire lit room, yr chair & I here, what is it is calm, ask I ask: & is all. The world ransacked to its uttermost corners holds no more. Look at the fire light running up & down the wood thread which flamers in the curtain. W falls two upon the toe of your boot; it gives your lace a red border: I think this the fire light & not your own colour. Here on it, I think & there are books against the wall, but am not sure; I think & that is a picture: & the white & that darkness behind another arm chair. The Table is when you come in Everything changes. I should swear that the Cup & Coffee, & a bread & butter & chair when you came in after breakfast, & those the Everything arranged itself. I think there can be no doubt. Our mean & unlovely lives flutter splendour only under the eyes of love; which is understandable. Behold the marked fact I said in it Then they become Commonplace; & what could be more natural?— but I rose & yawned. Yes I had done my breakfast. And as Neville, but as usual a non-committal day, colourless without one hope (but tender, we walked through the Park to the Embankment & then to the & down the river: & then up the Strand & then to the hairdresser & then, to the house where I left my umbrella. & then sat down in some garden, & talking: & sometimes we stood still to talk; & sometimes we only looked; magnificent & opened our eyes. I remember thinking that one does not need W wear a hands: but you but Then we parted;

this meeting

hungerly as they are & unfeignedly tedious

&

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~~When we came together.~~

We were married. I should say Leslie & Ann Thomas, Leslie & Nat. Nat really she's rarer to be a ordinary person who enjoys life; intimacy is rarer; it is less natural than reading & dreams. Your law is

Why their love lies when it burns recklessly

Can Nin - Carl ? I read happily, by the lamp in Trafalgar Sqre. I said as long as I pretend you are at night last. We were both Each other no less - you have no reserve last possible I said (typing a play of Shakespeare's sonnets) in Cheney Lane Road) that And nobody suffocate when we are apart. And then darted in the mid dusk. I snatched your hand. However you went to have your hair cut - I felt that the darkness the Tube was Death - that we were corpses - drowned by ah the foul. by ah the fumes. & I hated the mediocrely - barbarity & stupidity & their fearfulness & their Crimes Wickedly. Moreover By 5 I had made up my mind that you were faithless. I watched the telephone & the buzzy buzz. & then it was a you simply were shattered at At that moment you shed the dew. I ah our meeting the was perhaps the most wonderful. And had to be take for a moment, to have that weight removed, to love freely under the open sky without doubt - jealousy - how to know that you breathe close to me. - to be together with all that means intimate & that familiarity her lost people. Running my ambulance

Look the room seem to me like a little Clearing in a vast forest. We can speak perfectly quietly in our natural voices And we laugh - laugh. There are absurd advertisements in

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in shapes: there are ah ~~Forms~~ of ~~odd shapes~~ scattering. We
prick up ~~tufts~~. We are extraordinarily ~~adept~~ at noticing
the behaviour of our friends at parties. The ~~pervert~~
hostess is ~~worth~~ a watch ~~little~~ changes in the way they
greet each other as ~~Blanche~~ Lenclos.
~~secluded; a Chamber, a room luminous Square at the~~
~~Centre, withdrawn. Room like a Chamber~~
Central, ~~like~~ something lit up, ~~in the~~ a
~~Square of illumination~~; Outside London roars. There
we are concentrated: here in ~~the~~ ~~bed~~ we can be silent,
& can speak without raising our voices. What, we
say, did he mean by that? And did you notice her
blush, her hesitation. There is undoubtedly trouble
brewing. ~~Wherey~~ We we follow out the infinitely
& then thin strands as infinitely fine filaments
then ~~pass lightly over~~ ~~then turn Shadows~~
then make ourselves the Centre of System.
~~Strange~~ We do not like men who wear Crucifixes
on the left side of their waistcoats. Her Ceremonies: now
the sad figure of Christ trembling as before another
trembling & sad figure. ~~We do not like indifference,~~
And the bump of the indifference of the ceremony of
~~Lewis~~ makes us laugh. [We laugh & we laugh. We
observe incidents ~~that~~ in omnibuses & railway carriages
that take our [anxiety.] Some ~~strayan~~ a ~~fool~~, some
sudden vision ~~have~~ however, ~~has~~ given us exhilaration. &
also little ~~adorbs~~ in omnibuses & railway carriages.
Why should it ~~allow~~ be so great an alleviation
to talk of little things? And then, Oh Silence.

~~Great~~ hostess at parties, ~~not~~ ~~many~~ standing under Chandelier, ~~holding tools~~.

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& then somebody has ~~given us her picture~~ written a book —
love — her brown hair in the manner of Gladstone, or
it may be Rembrand. Now let us enter into all
the hair: those hanging gardens left pendant ~~after dame~~
in the mind, in which I go, parting aside the branches,
reaching at some fruit, remote or easy, because, in this
world I am much lighter footed than you are; & my
insight dazzles ye: as your body, yr even its silent
presence, its firm + stretches, its strength, its
power to move & climb & do things beautifully
& dexterously, its mechanical skill enthrall me.
My mind is always slightly in heels: my thoughts
hamstrung slightly by the fleshiness of the body
which falls damp alas, despairing slightly at the goal.
Alas, alas!.. I am absolutely dependent upon a room —
a chair & fire, as you know. I daresay this more
magnificent to have no such attachment — to
tumble hay naked like boys on the grass & pelt
squirting each other with horse chestnuts. I could not
ride about India in a sun helmet & return to a bungalow.
I want curtains: I want to see the gold lamps tremble +
welcome flowers & finally want to break off that
grape, & ~~round~~ round the fruit, making stream heavy
plastic, tangible. So real is this room — Every thing is
to be touched — yes — the shape patently yes: but
the ~~side~~ ridge of your cheek in
the side of your cheek, so white, so ~~like~~ like the glow, the
looking glass ~~the~~ the

in the
lower the coat
fake in the

& you do
something
to the
electric
light

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Pain giving under your boot.

I need always someone to sit beside. I need ~~the~~ listening & the waiting, for you to come - I need ~~nausea~~ for even stirring the stagnancy of life. I need partings & meetings with their anguish & ecstasy. And privacy.. ~~To be alone in this room, the quietness of this silence~~, & order. I am as neat as a cat. ~~That neatness is~~ I truly am. We must efface the intolerable waste & hideous ~~hell~~ huge shelter deformity of the world, edging into tubes & disfigured, & trampling, by tipping Emphasis Knives Gaudy through novels even. By laying up packets of ads tied with green silk. By removing the ashes with a hearth brush. And then I can read Milton together & Catullus: or this virtue & severity are ~~the words that sprang to my lips~~. But I love to skip the verbiage & reviews & pages of noble Romans under the ~~electric~~ light of your eyes, & the dancing flames, & the summer breeze, the laughter & the shouts of boys at play. Hence I am not a discriminating ~~reader~~ reader, ~~through the sand~~, for I skip perfection through the sand. Colour Lights are always falling on the page. And the page is, I think, only your voice ~~reads articulate the~~ Alcibiades, speaking. Alcibiades, again, Hector, are you. They no doubt shared your taste for golf, & rushed their lives wantonly flying the Channel in a bus; & were in the trenches in France: ~~& were not~~ They were not great readers either. And that is what I need, & that is what alone can console me for the

Wrote as Romans

Ans And yet are we not more than this. Am a book - you are.

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my aloneness. my feebleness.
Lack of many things – beauty, health, power – & the
stillness. the disparity of the worlds, & the flight of youth: &
Percevals death; & the bellmen, Dan Crow &
Crow. the necessity. But of one day you do not
come in after breakfast – of one day I see you, when you
do not see me, talking Kenny another – of
the telephone you buzz buzz buzz in your empty
room then — after unbearable aspects I
think, I suppose (that is the I face the most velvet tents)
find another.

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Meanwhile the sea light ~~shortens~~ ~~in fine streaks of gold~~ as
runs up the gold threads in the curtain; makes studs
Clustering around the parrot so that it seems solid;
round the finest so that it seems heavy. Phil, about to fall.
I am now all drawn out grey heavy, quivering, naked.

The waves ~~no~~ ~~weight~~ over the head. I
of the colour of marble, violet black; they race in,
Unfold into cover, where only the roots of sea weed lay dry,
& recede, further; & left the line of old shaw
~~[illegible]~~ black [illegible] higher. Jelly the cave with-
hoarse clamour; & tossing a wet drop into ledges
Erratically. Now ~~the sun~~ burnt through
Wands of cloud; ~~purple~~ & ~~yellow~~ yellow sunbeams;
& therefore felt obscurely in what had advanced
in currents ~~[illegible]~~ school, swimming directly, as if the
Unclouded blaze of majesty, proved wearisome.
The rocks had shadows, & the trembling sea holly. &
the hills, blowing like blue cloth across the sea.

& had lost
the ferny
odour,

Rising, rustling the birds seemed free now to
leave the nest, ~~[illegible]~~ & made ~~[illegible]~~ spirals
Circles in the air. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & one made
lonely voyages over the marshes; perched for a
moment on some stake; looking at the their
sea glass, & the waves, reading from the
pale sandhills; & then cutting circles
over their way; ~~[illegible]~~ skimmed the water as
~~[illegible]~~ & plunged down; & Enormous

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dropped like stones as if spirits the white birds. They
cut the air, as if the air rubber, increasing in the
wind racing between the furrows of the wood, here
turning, & there across. And now & then the creaking
of the feathers could be heard.
Some petals had fallen. The ~~leaf~~ cloud leaf
was no longer round a edge, but had been blown
in rims & loaves into against some stalk. The
flowers lay like bright discs in the sun; but now &
they flung under the light, & some heads were heaven. died rest
The bees were absorbed in the sun flowers; motionless; &
had made bare how & then & rubbed off all the
bloom. ~~The windows of the house~~ The red
Curtain, the white blinds blew in & out, flattering;
from the windows, & the light ~~of~~ ~~light~~ had
some yellow, some brown in it, some tinge of
abandonment yesterday, something blown &
evanescent - which entered the room. The
had burned a cabinet, & then left it. Here
made the window on the side of the jar waves.
~~And~~ In an uncertainly & unhesitatingly, as if
some shadow were inland, a moth very light
like the memorie [illegible] of cups - cha -
racter: which flattery it was till hanging
light shade: such a thing in a cathedral, where the
voice fades, & darkness, flattery lost; & dies
before it reaches the ground.

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11th Nov. 1930

"And time" said Bernard, "lets fall its drop. Last week, for no particular reason ~~I felt that~~ – I was standing at the window, shaving – the drop formed; ~~one of its drops~~; the drop fell. ~~I shut down my razor~~ – I went on shaving (for our habits never desert us hatefully) but was aware of the merely formal nature of my actions; & even in an ornamental way manipulated my hands whose carrying on their business without direction from me. I then (at intervals in the day pursuits I reflected: as when one has lost a tooth one's tongue is for ever seeking the empty place.) ~~One – Dem voice~~ I kept saying, (And everybody behind the vacancy of my face in the aimlessness of my conversation.) ~~Time it~~ Youth. I said.

(What have I lost?)

Let me call it youth, the name will serve; though to me it is a misnomer; for ~~now & again~~ absentness, all through my life, ~~these flakes~~ I have had this sense of my being ~~fallen~~ becoming ~~years~~ – that which is generally despised & underfed – ~~pavement~~ – stationary ~~legs~~ thrust, hindrant, labouring to pass with weight & futility. These are the true cycles of life; not ~~& it then behaves a wise man to~~ when he has Events.

(Wherefore I am left valiant without illusion.)

collected his wits to I then I see horribly clearly to the bottom of the vein. Will another drop form – ~~I~~ waited its tremendous time over the day? Seems probably. ~~Then, summoning what energy remained,~~ I ~~glanced~~ the ~~I then did what I could.~~ I reflect myself for the rapidity of my action: for my sense ~~of the impendence~~ of self preservation: that is, for long ~~I came~~ to Rome. Now I ~~return the~~ by this I recognize the Eternal City & already the

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What does it make to me
if Rome is old?

little man who was shaving two days ago in London
appears to me like a heap of old clothes.

Very wan, with them to stimulate it, violet prints,
fountains & white cranes, & bullocks & oxen. & the
odd sights of antiquity springing at every turn. Every
this
[illegible] pleasure with them. But I am now?
sat like a convalescent, like a beggar, in the sun.
new readers to the word are probable. The sun is hot. The breeze is cold.
In such moments [illegible] a safe asset.
[illegible] to [illegible] the mind. [illegible] the
Carriages [illegible] the world. I feel myself an insect, instinct
with [illegible], [illegible], & shielded round. [illegible]
[illegible] carried round. I am without any
desire to go the opposite way. I could swear that
I feel the motion of the earth: its hardness under me.
Yet, for a man who is so completely overlaid with odd.
Could I prolong this moment another inch, I could
touch something pure: but being so civilized, I never
wish to prolong these states: & indeed rather dislike them.
I dislike them: & shall not subject myself until I am
busy like a dog, running & stopping;
all the same, it is a good thing to take a leap over the
shoulder of the world sometimes: before one submits to
harness again, & thunder off into the mud and dust of ordi-
nary to chatter at West corners.
I do not
know what
infinity.
They have drifted from me & fade from me — I have
outlived certain desires: I have lost friends: I have
come to the conclusion that certain gifts are denied me: —
I can realise very clearly that Rome is the limit of my
travelling. [illegible] that I shall ever
go to Tahiti. [illegible] Naked savages fishing for coral
in brilliant waters — I shall never see them.
he
did not
know people.

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I shall never learn Russian. I shall never read the Vedas; or Don Quixote in Spanish. I shall again walk bang into a lamp post. What remains is — here, however, the first ~~letters~~ stirrings of letters in this desert to stop — walk — is probably just as interesting; & has even more relation to truth than what went before. For one thing Rennel — that heap of clothes who was hearing — had many bathchair stories: that his children were the cleverest, & in all cases had some peculiar quality. Even his father had by him. Remember, my peculiar. Also his work was often about to. ~~What for~~

of some peculiar quality attaching to his forebears

Now behind, as I pass this terrace by the first pair where bull finch sings are flowering in the arbutus; light on Italy: was behind a different prospect lies.
Another drop forms in the roof of my soul.
(Nor do I see why the process should ever end. Why not Even a little attention to the state of one's soul, less than one pays to the state of one's teeth?

under lean under by oil

My soul perhaps, both of their dainty cut —

I can have bored certain grapes. I have relinquished something. But only because I am about to come to [illegible] with something new. In this blindness, in this [illegible] we have no guides. We instinctively feel [illegible] death. I see a man jerking a leg behind there in the trees, I at once see something in the background.
(There is also Neville and ~~to day that~~ feel then at night a [illegible]) It was always too easy for me to make up a story about the dresden. It crowd the pink bridge. I remember, into her bedroom: a row, in my story, to buy a house with a [illegible] hedge, which he climbed. I do not know what became of him in fact. This story telling I can hardly count the stones that made up [illegible] day after

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life. And entered them in my note book. But I have never found any story of sufficient strength to which to attach them. Are there stories? Look now. From this terrace; at the swarming multitude; at the general activity & clamour (that man is in altercation with the waiter) at the sweep of the sky; at the magnificent ~~at the~~ imagine the leagues of level land. & the aqueducts & the broken Roman pavement. & the tombstones in the Campagna — Of course the details are of the faintest interest — I could get a painless pleasure from describing it. But ~~to~~ what good? Why impose my arbitrary design? Why Even try. The nut has under the dark archway. He can be dear like Hugh has struck. They hunted them in that room ~~where the~~ the where the chairs cannot hang? ~~Novels & novels.~~ & why then these little individual events, & make them into stories which can be sold like toys on trays? I sometimes think there is no story whatever. And that is the charm of every conventional predicament. And that is also the extraordinary interest: for it suddenly seems possible that there is after all — something: I talk of 'time & fatality.' I talk of "dramatic form." I have glimpses of a rhythm; & of an order which is imposed by that rhythm; & vaguely bring one & those who are able to perceive that rhythm (now & then) — for in moments of hush & surrender, when there seems no reason for the hand to move the razor. I do not know. I am so mixed; ~~vexed~~ with day ~~when~~ & crowds & much ~~crime~~ And then, I take a ticket for Rome.

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I stepped into an office bought a ticket for Rome with an air of delusion which I hope, deceived the clerk. I sit now on a stone seat in the Borghese Gardens, surveying the eternal city. & the little man who was shaving in London five days ago looks already like a heap of old clothes. I gathered a curious detachment. At the same time I am not involved in this humanity: I see the robot take presents & the picturesque nursemaids; & I note a vehement beating heart. I sit here like a connoisseur, a beggar. I am moved The sun is hot, I say, or 'the breeze is cold!

And I am now very lonely.

I am not so settled as I thought. Certain things lie definitely beyond my comprehension. I shall never understand them. Also, it is probable that Rome is the limit of my travelling. The only consolation is that the violence of these collisions was so great that I am left to a more remote & disinterested age to analyse them. I begin to understand what it was that I felt 15 years ago. Also Easter has come nearer. That heap of clothes who was shaving attached peculiar gravities to all his homely words. "My children, my wife, my horse, my dog" he was in the habit of saying with a solemn glow of satisfaction as he let himself sink in with his latchkey. And that lovely veil is slipped down; I am alone on the Pincian in the Borghese Gardens. Nobody wishes to be a torment; the skeleton of the Latin race is gone an Italian washerwoman has about the same physical fineness as the daughter of an English viscount. These are Italy

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is a the blue blood of nations.) Now let me consider.
When a drop falls, this a sign that another stage has been
reached. Nor do I see why the proven Rev – ever end.
No doubt in these dilemmas the clever devout consult
their pocket pushed thumb-chained but unpleasantly sentimental looking
priests. But for ourselves (I have my own Group as well)
we want teachers. Let a man stop . . .
to Neville used to feel his characteristic rage at sight of the
doctor's cowardy.

For my own part, I have always dreaded anger; I
have told stories.

Could we survey these lives I doubt very much that we
should find that they have been hinged upon what is
commonly reported the obvious events.

Here am I shedding a skin, Look with labour &
dehydration turning a new page in this most curious
book, & ask anyone Knows is "Bernard is spending
a fortnight in Rome." However & This has
happened to me through meeting people: through reading books;
through falling in love: but equally violently for no reason
at all; as if the soul were like the sea; as if
waves ran through it; & there are moments when
I perceive this current, physically, in the Bobolink Jaden, in
Long & Manchester Square:

Unfortunately, I am so [illegible] incapable of
politeness. & I never had any skin
I am not hewn. I do not remain seized. Now
& Someone I think I know. At a restaurant
there returns my rude look. Look at the bubbles
rising: look at the extraordinary pleasure & cruelty.
Observe the that & the other. News in pictures.
I have not seen the Times for 5 days. What has

1916

Add this
Rome sounds
gay. The
have been a
bear.
Here are
all the
flatteries & the

NYPL

But

But suppose that my sense of the drop becomes stronger - stronger - suppose that I feel more & more unable to make stories, suppose that I also feel. There is nothing more important than the state of the mood, that our friends are more to me than any other experience; suppose both states of consciousness deepen: then I shall have a momentary hesitation, when I touch with my friends whom I saw today, I shall let my glass rattle slowly: I shall for a moment look at the people in the street: I shall hesitate a little longer: I shall feel some kind of indifference & some kind of solemnity & expectancy: I shall be rather slower: I shall be rather subtle: I shall not bubble up just to entertain such, & yet what I say will have perhaps more point: ~~& I shall recognise, that I am growing~~ I shall be growing old.

~~The drop~~ ~~Above~~ how for example my sense of strange colours & sounds begins to ~~grow~~ shape themselves: how they to involve me in them.

Some idea, ~~coherent~~ which makes them coherent in shaping.

I do not feel like an Emmanuel in a big gas explosion, as ~~I walk up a down~~. Strange mixed-magnetron mind.

Here is my private joke - "Men with weak legs should not go to Rome." ~~That is a comment~~;

It drops up: from the raw: how they connect with another, how I am involved: how I am

I love the irony, the sporadic oddity of objects: the last necessary fact: I feel tremendously moved by a sense of the greatness of human life. Feel

~~far from that poetic is that~~ two contradictory in

NYPL

2 steps up [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] states of the soul have their mean

But these elevated prophets are of some importance; have some
reasons [illegible] these listenings up;
But these elevations are not to be confused - these flights of -
intuitions. Ah I will take the next ship to Tahiti. But
What shall I do of Tahiti at the moment Venus within
my reach Tahiti, at luncheon) shall take my
place rather heavily; I shall hesitate as I raise the glass
long life: I shall observe with more than my usual
detachment a woman coming in, being after all
middle aged. a pretty woman. And so Ulysses.
begin (I recall the usual pattern of my interference,)
this blood character. & so Ulysses observe the
formation (hints dug in that brown between these
lips) of another, quite unknown, the
the new, the unknown, the strange, the altogether
hitherto unaffied, terrifying rather, & effluence.
Darchent is that man's name.

"Now I have reached the summit of my desires," said
Susan.

But there moment of escape these visions of fuis -

Observing the Colour;

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(1.) Susan: I am at the summit of my desire.
but regret Bernard.

(2.) Jinny: I am in Piccadilly tho - but regret eye:

(3.) Neville: I regret Hannely as they. I am in love with life:

(4.) Louis. I am in love with Rhoda.

(5.) Rhoda: the climbing the Pyrenees mountains.

Hampton Court.

NYPL

take iv
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"Here I stand, said Jenny, "where everything that is desirable meets. Piccadilly South side, Piccadilly North side, Regent Street West, & the Haymarket. I am under the pavement, in the Centre of London. Innumerable wheels rush over my head. By the great avenues of Circulation meet here & strike away. And thousands millions have died, for one reason & another. I do not know for what reason they died. Little Animal that I am, sucking my thanks in with every breath, I stand here half-a-day — alive. They have been crushed by boots; they have been killed by stones; or like Percival, been hitched off their horses & became ayes & Molehill. I am still me. I am alive.

Moreover I will not be afraid. I am not a whimpering little animal, always making for the shadow. For a moment, catching sight of myself in that glass, before I had time to make those preparations with which I always prepare myself for the sight of myself, I was dismayed. I am no longer Jenny. The day will come when I shall raise my arm, in vain; when I no longer hear that deep sigh, animal, nocturnal, & sad, through the dark, some one coming; & I shall look into strong face, & see the eye wander to some younger & lovelier woman. For a moment, the wooden descent of upright bodies down the morning stairs, like some winged, some terrible descent of multitudes, & the churning of the great wheels of this engine made me cower & run for shelter. I wished for death.

Then I thought, walking deliberately more slight

NYPL

preparations which engage me, I must not be afraid. I thought of the whole omnibuses of the inessant ~~&~~ & unfaltering coming & going, of trains coming, that stop & start again & ~~trains going~~ & ~~hansom cabs coming~~ I thought of powerful & beautiful cars, now slowing to a foot's pace, now easily shooting forward. This is the triumphal procession, I said, with its banners & its brass eagles; this is the army of victory crowned with laurel leaves. There are more better than men in swamps, black men, women with long sagging breasts & multitudes of children. These broad thoroughfares — Piccadilly, South, Piccadilly now Regent Street & the Haymarket — are paths of victory strewn through the jungle. I too, with my little halfcut leather shoes, my handkerchief that is but a film of gauze, my reddened lips, & my finely pencilled eyebrows march with the band.

Look how they throw off clothes here, even underground, in a perpetual radiance. They will not let the Earth lie wormy & sodden. There are gauzes & silks. There are underclothes trimmed with lace. A million opaque stockings have been cast into these silks. Crimson, green, violet — they are dyed all colours. Think how they organise; take in; drive, tunnel, order, count; punch tickets, invite, cheer, urge us on. ~~trains come: lifts~~ Lifts are ready; trains come; stop & start, as regularly as the waves of the sea. This is what harmony adhesion. This is I am a native of this world; I follow its colours. Now could I run for shelter when they are so magnificently adventurous, daring, curious too, & gay. I note the little energy that remains even they paint a picture on the wall, or make a joke.

NYPL

I will [illegible] redden my lips: Just like the workers in Piccadilly Circus. I will draw to me with a proud gesture a cab whose driver will signify by some alacrity his understanding of my signal; & for I will [illegible] casement: I shall feel the bowing of trees in the street like the silent stoop of the corn when the light wind blows, ~~bending it making a sad ruffle & sad sigh through it~~ ruffling it. I will drive my own horse. I will ~~buy the violet~~ fill the vases with laurel, with honeysuckle, with extravagant flowers; with wedding ~~bouquets~~, in great branches; I will arrange the chairs, & put ready cigarettes, flames, & some fruit covered, ~~[illegible]~~ new knives both, in case Bernard comes, or Neville, or Louis, or perhaps, somebody new, somebody strange, somebody I have only met in dreams, & then waited in a ~~garden or hotel~~ an artist's room, turning my head as we hastened in the stairs, to come. & I will whisper my body: I will ~~hurriedly~~ I shall cry ~~like the hen~~ "Come! ~~the hen~~ Come! ~~How is my dearest~~ "Tell me, I shall say, the story of your heart; & he will tell me his love, his grief, his passion; ~~he will take me in his~~ arms. I am taken all: once more. he will love me ah.

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"I do not need a room anymore" said Neville; "I can hear
Jinny's horse without envy. ~~I am happy in the street~~
~~I~~ want her. Need her. I do not want her. I have ~~her~~ without
Jealousy. That old obsession has lost its bite. ~~There are now~~
I could swear that I love people in the street. ~~I could swear~~
that ~~I~~ there is happiness, a content like them, as they swarm
out of their shops, the days work over. I have touched my
the fruit — ~~is that it~~: I ~~had~~ look detachmentedly.

After all, we are not responsible. We are not judges
We are not (sometimes seems) called upon to torture our
fellows with ~~their~~ tortures & histories: It's better to listen, &
to hear that there are Jews in the Shepherds Bush Avenue. Here
the fool, here's the villain, here Cleopatra in her barge:
Also there are figures of the damned, standing
like that woeless man in front of the placard on
the police court wall, their feet in fire, howling.
One must ~~sometimes~~ sometimes weep. They act their hearts
infallibly, & almost before they are ~~going to~~ open
their lips I know what they are going to say &
herald the coming of the divine moment when,
miraculously, they speak the word that must have
been written in their play, ~~this endless play~~, Writ
were only for the power of listening, life has been a
miracle. ~~And this endless~~

Think how marvellously the words fall into the
pocket: as one comes into the room — The rays: &
the rays: Walk. Nay: & then someone else comes in:
Surely this has all happened before: with ~~the~~ only the very
Only ~~only~~ lift ~~a little~~ the days waters: waters:
~~We understand with only the thicker opaque wood.~~

given to
moments
pathetic &
lectures
them on
Sunday
afternoons.

NYPL

Strength the birth-cave stood half a stage of anything.
Some one laughs. I have heard that laugh a thousand times;
& the wrestling, the fighting; the ancient grievances; then
all this is thickly overlaid. One can almost hear
peace & welfare falling through the days of the old
arguments: & the child dancer, ~~in the long~~ dressed in
her mother's clothes.

I ~~think~~ look. The ones who draw a veil, on that
picture. What been good; ~~bad~~; what been fair; may coloured:
the people of that age laughing, leaving the lake. And then
some body knocks. Somebody comes. There is a knot on
the strap. ~~Come~~ I depend all servant privacy,
intimacy a to it with

NYPL

"I come home" said Louis, "& hang up my coat. Just my cane there (I like to fancy that Pope walked with such a cane) my hat there: I try to divert myself of my authority. I have been sitting at the right hand of a [illegible] at a round varnished table. I am immensely distinguished. All the young ladies in the office are impressed by me. I can dine where I like now, & without much vanity may subscribe that Whistler affair. I afford a house in Jersey; a [illegible] & a motor car. I come home to my [illegible] & renew acquaintance that curious attitude which I have contracted with my life: I open a letter book: I read one poem. One poem is enough.

O western wind

O western wind – you are intimately with my fumbler & Nobbis & also alas with my the vulgarity of my mother who has never been able to speak English correctly.

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
Rhoda, with her extreme aberrations, her [illegible]
Colour of hard boots pink, [illegible] shapes unseeing,
would not have disrupted you. western wind
Coming at night, or at the most precocious hour of
midday. The [illegible] to the window & looked at the
Chimney pots, at the [illegible], at the brethren house of
Your people. O western wind when wilt thou blow.

My task, my burden, has always been much
greater than [illegible] that of others. It [illegible] has
been set on my shoulders. I have tried to do a

NYPL

Mean rat

Colonial work. I have drawn a verdict, an heresy, a vicious team. With my Australian accent in asking where, to make the clerk accept me, yesterday forgetting my column & severe correction, the discrepancies & incoherencies that must be resolved, but as a boy dreaming of the Nile, reluctant to be awake, wishing indeed to remain unseen, I yet brought my list down on the Grand oak door. It would have been happier to have been born without a darling. like the hero I most admire, Sir Jagan & Percival.

O Western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?

Poetry has been a terrible affair for me. Jam like some vast sucker, some glutinous, some adhesive, some malleable mouth; I am tied to draw from the living flesh the stone lodged in the centre. I have known nothing whatever of human life; I left I chose my matters in order that with her Cockney accent she might make me feel at ease. But she only fumbled the door with dirty underlinen. I have been humiliated a dozen times a day by charwomen & hotboys calling after me a mocking my French & paper chases fail. I crane my feet like a crane.

Rhoda this. Rhoda leaves me.

NYPL

O human beings, said Rhoda, "how I have hated you! How you have nudged, how you have interrupted! How hideous you have looked in Oxford Street! how squalid getting off buses each other in the Tube! I climb this mountain, in Spain. From the top a shrub, I shall see Africa, & my mind is filled with brown paper parcels & shuttles streaming lace. ~~God~~ You ~~have~~ smell so unpleasant, limping up outside doors to buy tickets. You have never had the courage to be one thing rather than another. All were dressed in indeterminate shades of grey & brown. Perhaps a band of blue embroidery was hemmed to a ~~brown~~ hat. What dissolutions of the soul you have demanded in order to get through one day tolerably! What lies you have invented on, & bowings & scrapings, & flunkeyism & servility! How you have chained me to one spot, one hour, one chair, & sat yourselves astride. You have snatched from me those lilies white hours that lie between hour & hour. & You have crumbled them into dirty pellets which I have tossed into the waste paper basket Directly you were gone. But that was my life. At last tamed & mad rubbish ~~in order to get through the week tolerably~~, I sat very politely telling lies in a chair, or some stall at a play: instead of jerking out & breaking a bobbin in the gutter as a sign of rage. Green & Gawn were always covered with my hand. trembling with ardour I unclenched that hand

NYPL

I pulled mine ups too. like that.

(these are stock phrases)

not surprised. what they did, & said. I copied, & said. & did. Woman a Jenny pulled their stockings up like that, I ~~did at too~~ So terrible was life that filled up shade after shade. Look at life through this, look at life through that, Maud. Let there be rose leaves, let there be vine leaves. I covered the whole street with the blaze & ripple of my mind: Oxford Street Piccadilly Circus. There were bodies too standing in the hansom when school broke up. I stole secretly to read the labels & to dream names. Harrogate perhaps, Edinburgh perhaps, was ruffled with golden glory where some girl (I forget her name) stood on the pavement edge. But it was the name only. ~~How~~ wonderful my nights have been: when I have walked down long hedges: ~~How~~ & kicked flowers ~~with~~ with the air, with vast mantles, ~~I have~~ I have tried to Cover the blue black bead. Then at night, ~~dream after~~ dream. I have always rustling day to break into night. I have longed to see the cupboards downstairs: to feel the bed sofa: to hear: to perceive ~~the~~ the lighted fire, the lighted faces, a green branch on a mirror & a ~~two figures~~ ~~lady & gentleman~~ ~~in~~ ~~dressing~~ gay farewell.

I dribbled violets too into the Thames at Greenwich the day Percival died & the ships came bowling up with the woman on deck & the dog barking, &,

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It would have been better to stand like Ikaros alone on a room sobbing. Or to have smashed a glass like Jenny in a rage. Or like Lorna to have made plans for the accommodation of their Clan hostages.

with its cathedral.

Now I climb this branch like: Imagine, Now when I am Escaped, let me suppose: now I am dying. Let me suppose that This mule track is a hand matter. I am thrown only the thinnest thread between me & the warring fates. The Admirable attendants who hand me over on this occasion & next this white Jacket & Anti-Septic hands have withdrawn. My path has been up & up & up & some voluptuary Fate with a hook fished it on the very tips. I have hated the waters of beauty in the Evening when the hills close themselves together like birds wings folded. Now, I have sunk down fingering some old bone on the turf like a sea-bitten branch eaten free from all the Clinging & tying together of clothes. x

when the wind shook to break this height this will be nothing but a puff of dust.

Now we climb up. up. Now I call to that a pure Woman. Unseen spirit who stark her hand along hedges who [illegible] my eyes sometimes in Heavenly snows:

Behold the puddle again. I say: the cavern ah-I cannot know. Then time shrivels like the sea. Look, a sea mount we began our flight over the warm. We are like Angels flying the Atlantic: Now the lights in the hovering boats are gone.

NYPL

Pale flowers are about my feet, & the mule stumbles forwards.
The ridge of the hill looks like mist: from the top I shall see Africa. ~~Mechanically, but deliberately~~ the mule stumbles forwards. Here again is the hurdle that I cannot cross; here is the ~~rude~~ white path in the basement: & I am launched, the bed giving under me, the sheet letting me fall.; & the ~~shaking~~ woman with a good face like a white horse at the end of the bed makes ~~some~~ valedictory movement, some gesture of turning away. ~~Now~~ & departing.
~~Now I am alone~~, the low Wall to ~~that~~ ~~horizon~~ spirit whose eyes met mine sometimes in dawny roses, sometimes in lonely black: ~~those the~~ the fair me flowers I laid them on my desk: green & Cowbind & the moonlight coloured May, And, pendent there lovely in a sheaf. I gave them — to whom? Come now: listen hard, like ~~rats~~ those who fly the at Candles. The lights of the burning strut are gone; the Chalk cliffs vanish; innumerable warm, restless moth, restless fly, but threading between are beneath me
I am holding no hand but only the stalks of a few unseen flowers. I am stumbling up a hill in gloom & ~~Hazing~~ ~~Ghost~~; ~~& There is nothing hard,~~
I can touch nothing; & I can see nothing but waving hills like ~~the~~ birds wings; & some bush, ~~shrub~~ that seems to ~~watch~~ its shadow on the ground. We may sink a little in the waves & the flowers may be washed & their

her stumbles on — we stumble on.

& the wholly Cavern of darkness.

The How strange to feel the warm wet Cloth failing beneath me

on her breast as I ride

NYPL

frail hitch woaked with the water. The waves may
~~pass in over the boat~~ & the stir my mouth, ears, eyes. &
the flower float for a moment, then sink. This
may be the end of that hasty & clear flight—
There may be no hand back ~~made~~ to lay touch with—
the balm of my hand & to drag my body over.
Everything now feels & falls in a Remembrance dream hour
down down down drowning me— I hang to capture. ~~How~~ left the
Stumbles inevitably on; ~~till~~ we shall never
have ~~arrived at an~~ and yet that ~~the~~
sea is not ~~perfectly~~ distant. That old fine
peasant woman ~~face is strong~~ expressive. Her
Clatter-pass Cobbler stern ends the long lane. And
I must say all was mine naturally extend in a body: &
have to thrust my eyes here & there & count the body
accurately how to take the narrow door of the
Spanish Inn.

laugh
there the
wind: I am
free.
&
those
blind
delights
pass.

NYPL

the waves beat on the shore · Rythmically, & with the long line of breakers each shock, they beat on the shore · But no wave fell separately. The air was full of a long muffled roll; of a single concussion, as of one wall unceasingly intermittently but falling with the same huge weight. , falling in a ceaseless monotonous round, as monotonous as a stone wall without any rift of light.

A breeze rose; a shiver ran through the leaves, & when stirred they lost their green density & became brown grey, and the tree wrinkled, laughed & lost its massive uniformity. The hawk flicked its eyelids & rose rocking & towering above the tree. And on the horizon a ragged cloud was flung like spray from the hand [illegible]. A shot had sounded or a dog barked. The last faint smoke of tram & chimney was stretched & torn & made part of the canopy that moved over the field.

The golden & amber green light entering the room, as the curtains swayed slightly, made the chairs & tables wonderful, mellower, & invested them with gold & brown & yellow inlays; but their arms & edges were livid with shade so that their depths seemed deeper, their weight more ponderous, as if the colour had been tilted a little to one side. The looking glass held the grass & whiter sky & the leaves & the light. The black eye of the knife, the bowl of hot

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all slightly distended, rolled & made fantastic. There
was a slope like a hill side, bright high, & with a point
of light, here black & deep as a cavern cut in rock;
Assembled together the stars gave back ~~a~~ a
Complete picture hung there, a representation: &
Meanwhile the shadows lay longer & blue on the beach: &
the waves surrounded the blue sea holly & ~~with~~
made spots dark as mussel shells, as if the ~~as~~
violet dye had been washed off into them - And
racing over the waves came arrows of shadow,
many feathered, darting to the shore. -
Ready to hunt before them the long ~~lines~~ of
black wake -

60, ~~-~~ 25

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70
30
100

NYPL

Nov. 24th

"Hampton Court" said Bernard, Hampton Court.
~~The tone of my voice proves that I am middle aged.~~
Behold the red chimneys; the square battlements.
~~That Hampton Court~~ is our meeting place. Hampton
Court. The tone of my voice as I say Hampton Court
proves that I am middle aged. Ten years ago I should
have said Hampton Court with interrogation — what
will it be like? will there be avenues & arches?
with anticipation !! — What is going to happen to me here?
Now Hampton Court, Hampton Court — the words
fold & re-wound in the chaos which I am so
laboriously clearing with a dozen telephone calls —
~~I like the song of words~~ & they leave off ring after
ring a-sound: then luminous bottoms, like reflections
rising from the bottom of a dim lake: summers autumns,
snows, no trees, one conversation in particular,
by an urn — one winter walk in the snow — they
float upon ~~water which~~ the ~~depths upon which~~
waters that now lie deep upon every scene.

There, at the gate, our meeting place, they are
already gathered — Susan. Louis, Rhoda. Jinny
Neville. They have come together. when we have
come together, when I have found them, another
arrangement of life will form. Something
will be affirmed, checked, that now runs
endlessly to waste. Already at forty yards distance I
feel the order of my ideas re-arranged. The
tug of the magnet of their twenty eyes on me. I
come nearer. I feel with every step that they in me
are rushing together, without my willing it, into a

NYPL

a halter. Involuntarily I raise my hand, & in obedience to
~~some sin~~ a strong an irresistible feeling of pleasure wave it
~~forward~~ in Reluctance has yielded to desire I have lost
Complete control myself. I am like a boat bobbing in
the agency & capriciously of the waves. There is no
panacea against the ~~sin~~ heart within the breast.

(trampling Nurses) Now we assemble in the long ~~room~~ dreary room that
overlooks some park — some green chace still
beautifully left by the setting sun; ~~& this & that the~~
~~trees are strong & fresh~~ so that there are
golden bars between the trees."

"And our first Emotion" said Neville, "as we
take our places at this narrow table ~~in~~ side by side,
in one of these ~~vast~~ rare ~~dimensions~~, meetings, is ~~hatred~~ hatred
Instead of seeing you, Bernard, you Susan, you
Louis — I do so, I look angrily at your hats, clothes,
Even such minute things as rings, watch chains, for
signs of success or failure. What have you made of
life? Dark. The lists have been hoisted on the door.
Have you passed? Did they give you a first, second, or
third? First & foremost, before Even we break
these hard rolls & help ourselves to lukewarm tea & salad,
I want to prove (this is middle age) that ~~I have~~ my
~~taken a better~~ desire is better than yours. I feel in my
private pocket to find my Credentials —
what I carry to prove my superiority. I have
passed — oh yes. ~~I have his letter~~ People ask me —
to do unnumerable things. Why I do not know,
but I have impressed myself upon the imagination
of the world. Hence, their letters — their Card —

NYPL

What I carry in my pocket

Lucien Jenau: both Jenau.) am trying to unseen Jenau: I am trying to Captivate your indifference your eyes look of fearless & confident dislikes me. Under your eyes my fame dwindles. These letters, Cards ~~with~~ these Cards my credentials, make a faint sound like that of a man clapping in an empty hall barbaric to scare away ghosts. Now what died away altogether & I hear only the wind sweeping over the ploughed land, & a bird singing — perhaps some unsophisticated lark. Has that waste heard of me? No; nor those housemaids (workers) lookers, those Couples who began to ~~stray from~~ the bath, & look at the sea, which are not yet dim enough to lie under. The faint clapping has died out. What then are my Credentials? How can I overcome the barriers you raise & make your life — that is the object we all have in view — Grouch indifferent to mine?

Now I will tell you what about my self (subject) simply: I frame, tentatively: with eyes that are gentle & dark; not brilliant. not mocking, (trusting you to have Clean fingers; newly washed, antiseptic) & wait a moment, watching the strange emotions that are sweet to me, till they have risen & become too distinct: & then I make a bolt for it & say: ~~I am not intimate.~~ Oh yes, I am intimate. (I address myself to mine) for I was

How is always Jenau we want to Conquer.

NYPL

What then remains? There is always, you know, what one
feeling ~~of~~ a situation is ~~one~~ the edges sharp, somebody
whom one wishes to make crouch beneath one. Jealousy.
with you green eyes, your hear shaded eyes.
Listen. I talk to unfreeze you. when what I achieved was
intimacy – the ~~th~~ gold thread running round the breast;
nothing so solid the parents could break them: things
made immobile, ~~began~~ solid round me. So that you
can break them off; ~~the~~ ~~all this between~~ ~~one one~~
~~came in~~ The thin skimmed air of early morning
softens, turns opal, blue & rose: at that hour,
your husband, the farmer, is ~~red~~ roused; you have nothing
to say at breakfast: you see nothing; Century Combats you
You hardly use words at all. The strangeness &
tenderness of your relationships ~~the~~ distant me.
Mine, at that hour, is warm & tender. There are no
repetitions. ~~Their precautions~~ Each day is dangerous.
Smooth on the surface, we are all bone beneath, like
snakes coiling. Outside one read the Times
Upstairs we argue about Shaw, a number. Outside it is
windy. The snow loads down the roof & seals us
up together in a cave red with fire.

[Take in]

Rhoda: the light
Change.
Cars dip their
head lamps.

So melancholy began:
None of the great landscapes.
like when seen from a train.
the ground unmemorial design: the

NYPL

"There was another glory once" said Jean: "There was the
the beech wood, ~~in the knotted roots~~. There was Elvedon, a
this flattering
Clock,
down among the trees. And then Bernard's phrase -
about the legion of its wooden wings ~~that I have carried~~ worn
fraying lightly, escaping; as at the ~~the~~ changing
travelling lights, the various. The dimpling have escaped.
But look, Neville, at my hand on the table. ~~Look at the~~ Look at it
~~fingers - I am no longer ashamed of them~~ Look at the
fevers,
well
cut.
expadations of healthy labour here on the knuckles, here on the palm.
My body has been used, lightly, daily, all over; like a
the blade
worn in
the middle.
tool in by a good workman. What can you know of
life (we battle together - like beast fighting in a field
stags, making them horns clash) when you need
curtains. ~~Charming~~ this perpetual twilight? Even
through your pale & golden - but how colourless - flat
Even flowers, apples, branches of ripe fruit must
have a filmed look as if they grew under glass;
& then lying in front of a fire, deep in a chair,
~~You see only this what can~~ you see ~~not~~ one inch of
flesh, only; its nerves, its fibres. the pattern or finish
the great
architecture
blood matters, but nothing entire. You do not see
a house in a garden; a house in a field; a
& ships in the sea with the wave in the rhythm.
~~You bring your~~ Eyes closer & closer to the network
like an old woman ~~drawing~~ darning her eyes over her
darning. But I have seen life in blocks,
substantial, huge; ~~a town; a hills: factories~~
Icebergs, ~~&~~ the ancient ~~the~~ Babylonian building
Silchester
ashen an
made from time immemorial in deserts: by
the battlements in towers: harbours, waterworks,
& all the ~~ancient~~ plain architecture. the

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substantial buildings, factories, gasometers. There they remain square, harsh, prominent, underscored in my mind (I must catch the ten twenty home tomorrow morning for example) I am not innocent I fear. I sit among you abrading your softness with my hardness, quenching all the deliquescent tenderness ~~tenderness~~ grey & flickering moth wing tones & hues with the green pent glare of my clear eyes. Now we have clashed our antlers; we withdraw. This is only the necessary preclude; ~~when that~~ this is the salute of old friends: ~~this is the clash of contact.~~

My life has

"Now the gold has faded between the trees" said Rhoda "& A slice of green lies behind them — like the blade of a knife or like some tapering ~~green~~ sharp sand, upon which nobody sets foot. Now the cars begin to wink & blink, coming down the Avenue. Lovers can draw away into darkness now."

~~The stags will come close up to the window.~~

making the trunks thick. case with bone.

"We are indebted." said Bernard. "How many telephone calls, how many horsehair ~~wire~~ ~~hedges~~ to cut this hole in ~~the fabric~~ of life & let us come together, at Hampton Court? The pressure of life is tremendous; we are all now ~~held~~ swept on, by the torrent of custom things so familiar that they cast no shade; we that we are never disturbed by comparisons ~~of the one~~ = of one as you say my life, & then attain the utmost freedom from friction & some deep, some holy curious pleasure. Never a great effort to come. We have to keep like fish in order to take the train to Hampton Court. And however high we leap, we fall back into the stream.

like these in fish must know, on the iced waters, finely this body

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I shall never take ship for the South Sea Islands. A little
journey to Rome is my limit. There rose a Daughter. Jane
wedged into my place by circumstance

But the aching body. ~~Afterwards~~ ~~disfree~~ my body that
makes part of the struggle.

But I make stories. I twist things up into toys. ~~I cannot~~
~~be A~~ feel ~~sitting~~ on a stove out near a cottage door ~~without~~
~~Laying~~ seeing ~~different~~ ~~Every possibility: the pathetic,~~
~~the grotesque, the grace alone~~. Is she waiting? Is she
not waiting - is she seduced; or not seduced - ~~or if~~
all lines converge there for the moment. ~~In the~~ There was
the story of the headmaster: the headmaster's wife: I
~~a abandon a~~ breakings off, beginnings
a wave got hard in a ship - a hansom cab street
corner - ~~all~~ all doors. But none the true story -
The deficiency is in myself. I ~~does~~ do not
I think some can recite. long to live. I shall be brushed off as early as a
bee from a sun flower. My ~~whole~~ philosophy has
never hardened. It runs like quicksilver all
ways at the same moment. Now Louis,
wild eyed, but severe, in his attic, in his
office has come to conclusions: "
"~~I have been troubled~~ the thread has been broke" said Louis, "Your cruelty,
I fear vagueness. ~~has been very subtle~~. Jenny broke the thread when
she kissed me in the garden, years ago - the three?
laboriously try to weave again. And the boarding
boys mocked me at school for my Scotch accent.
Ah. Then is the meaning, I say: & then start with
pain: Perhaps I may take rumour that runs through the
Earth as ~~for~~ symptoms a misfashion: & am then
snatched asunder. Broken, ~~dust~~ ~~splendour~~ always,

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Over broken tiles, shrubbery appears, I pick my way. ~~A bandsman~~ by ~~the light~~ in Different lights dull or making the ordinary leopard-spotted wrap. The moment with its worse & shaking knees, with its flitting youth comes from the river in white flannel carrying cushions & the purple with the shadows of dungeons & torture & infamies practised by man upon man. So weak impotent. So partial are my eyes that they never blot with rose or violet the sorrow change that my keeper remorselessly & adds & adds & adds even while we sit here. What is the solution? ~~Where~~ is the bridge? How can I reduce these dazzling & incoherent appearances ~~at~~ to the line of deep meaning?

Meanwhile you observe, maliciously, my pursed lips & gleam frown. ~~But~~

But I beg you to observe my cane, my waistcoat. I have ~~wheedled~~ achieved a desk of solid mahogany in a room hung with maps. Our steamers have won an enviable reputation for ~~their~~ the excellence of their cookery, their cabins replete with every convenience, hot & cold water laid on. I wear a white waistcoat now, & carried a letter back before I make my allegiance.

Thus is the arch & ironical manner in which

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"But you have never been able to harm me" said Jenny.
"This film, my scarf, baffles you. I love its yellowness, & its dark wine coloured ends. & its softness so that it might be caught like a web on a rose bush. I do not like the high Venetian beauties of your roof tops. towers, with their lean cats, their blistered chimney pots. I like rain when it has turned to snow a welcome bathwater. I like what one touches, what one tastes. And being unafraid, I am much more courageous than you are, I am not always tempering my beauty with meanness for fear the fire should scorch me. I gulp it down entire. I admit that it is made of flesh or of stuff; it is not fine linen & white lint with privately like your ideas.

People, men & women, in [illegible] uniforms, in wigs & Gowns, in brocade & velvet, in border hats — (I notice all clothes always) press upon me. I adhere to their woollen, Eddy with them. They love hearties & shout they invite me into private rooms & make unexpected confidences. Sometimes while looking at horses in a stable, sometimes while viewing grapes in a greenhouse. I am attended by a regiment of my fellows — their drums beating, their colours flying, marching best foot foremost down the street. My mother must have followed the drum, my father the sea.

[take in 231]

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now that they turn grey, now that they turn brown, I accept them still."

"Nor am I afraid" said Rhoda. "There were lamps posts & trees on the way from the station. But I did not hide behind them. I walked straight up to you all. Yet if I am to tell the truth it is only ~~my body~~ that I have ~~has been~~ framed That has been taught to do a certain trick. But inwardly I am untaught, unaccustomed, hating you, loving you, envying you, despising you, but never at home with you. You have all, now, Middle aged, Committed yourself to a statement about life, that amazes me: Jinny must have children: Louis must have authority; Neville must Susan has love: Jinny has her clothes; — Bernard other people — You exist here & now. in this room at this moment. You see every tumbler, every salt cellar, every stain on this worn tablecloth exactly as it is. You do not flinch or shrink but use things as if you were their masters, taking one thing up, putting another down. But I see only hints of this disarrangement, often with horror in a flash. I do not see you very distinctly. I do not or know what you feel; I often do not listen to what you say. I hear a thread like something falling behind your voice & wound in the three white lines of some breaking wave. Yet ~~there are threads~~ ~~between us~~ Neville says the heart is a map. There are threads between us; Touch one of the other senses. a—you are blocks of white stone, without eye lashes, or any other protuberance stonily together on a beach, or perhaps as against the railings you separate. Meanwhile the chained

my body

Embedded in you are in this saturation made of repeated rounds

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Elephant Hawfer: the mallet is driven with heavy blows, into the sand. Also, there is India. Fishermen on the verge of the world are drawing their nets & casting them. A hot wind ruffles the top most leaves of primaeval forests, & birds [illegible] dip their beaks in the solitary pools that have formed in deserts, where temples dome ruined & Columned Kiosks. That is the circumference that I try to envelop as we sit here.

I have lived almost entirely in this effort of vision, only pricking up from your Poverty the little feed that is Enough to spread this wide veil. I see you as flakes against the sand, down where Cheek Time & Ugis & have drawn some strange channels & shells. But I wish to stretch my mind always wider & wider, to [illegible] what it embraces. The last Stanley book on the Congo I left there. for ever. But you are always plucking at me with your children & your poems & your childhoods or what ever else you do not. & wish to press on my attention. Therefore I dread these meetings. I loathe Even the touch of your hands, & your twitchings, gestures, & [illegible] of different Kinds (there are few moments of beauty are so rare.) And then you torture, you laugh; you stare. And yet I hold on your crevices, lie there red, so that I come to Hampstead Court at seven precisely to in order that I may be shaken from some sudden Charm & abyss in your face & [illegible] jerky & blurred a [illegible] (only perhaps by a word, a gesture, a way of shaking up a handkerchief) what fells my mind & spreads round me, when I lie awake at night,

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~~something far away~~

the mind that spread at night into vast vistas, masses of ~~spirits~~ travelling, awful prospects almost entirely of human tokens (so many civilizations have perished) but

over the true ~~of life, or~~ or otherwise the misery of our lives with their pettiness of insignificance would be intolerable.

But since I too have intends. I believe, much more subtly than you do, there exists a power a will of steel & wire & brass, I must undergo the penance of here & now. Hamlet's court ~~sharp~~ at seven precisely. Far from being allowed to spread in wider & wider rings of understanding that may at last (such is my dream sometimes at the most inconvenient moments, reading the paper in a third class smoker) embrace the entire world, I must contract & go through the cavities of the individual. (when I am wandering with Percival on the verge of the wood) must buy my clothes & answer the telephone. a pretend always pretend; & today always what ~~you~~ Jean. what Jenny what Bernd a Neville don't say. But I am positive. I am not released - not captive. after undergoing for years the touch of all these attachments, the pressure of all these hands, the tugs & the huntings & the callings hither & thither, I shall fall ~~finally~~ alone through this thin sheet on which we stand into gulfs of fire. You will desert me. You will not help me. You will withdraw. ~~being time tortures, of intimate~~ Cruelly, ~~with deceit~~ You are, after all, much more cruel than the old tortures, for

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~~And much more~~ Yet how desirable! There are moments when our companionship seems to blow to vast a bubble that the breath of the wind can support on it, & on its pendulous bosom the sun rests & we are thus lanced with ~~the hoof~~ there has absolute absolved from whereabouts, nothing is unabsorbed. I could fancy then that our lives might be blown off, & sail & roar & take the blue of the sky & the first tinge of dawn & sunset & we might so take from here & now.

the whole of Nature the black & mid night

~~Let us now be silent, and Bernard forget his speech. Rhoda~~

"Drop upon drop" said Bernard "silence falls. Silence falls. One can feel, as we sit here, forged, isolate, London physically, ~~the sound~~ ~~less~~ of life, its ~~stuffed~~ incommunicable ~~contact~~, incommunicable negations ~~clanging~~ clanging, pressing on the mind's roof & falling; Rhoda sits some deep bed. Fathoms deep. ~~The~~ the ~~voices~~ ~~spread in the depths of~~ ~~very dark~~. Rhoda sits Far even separate. For ever alone. Alone, alone. Rhoda Rhoda I too feel that who am so intolerant of loneliness, whom loneliness destroys, as rain falling drop by drop upon a snow man puts his face, warps his nose, dissolves him into a shapeless mound. Already, as Silence falls, I am becoming nothing but a rather fat, middle aged, not very successful man. ~~True, I am comfortable~~. I do not wish at the moment more than this. We have dined well. The fish, the veal cutlets have ~~dulled~~ blunted the sharp tooth of egotism. Anxiety is at rest. The raiment of life - Lorenzo's - does not care

the regrets gone are washed out.

the very tolerable Moselle

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what the others think. Neville's anxieties are at rest.
Susan hears the even breathing of all her children
asleep in their cots. We are reckless, not
aggressive. We are ready to contradict any hypothesis
that the world may offer quite impartially —
I reflect now that the earth is only a pebble
flicked off the face of the sun, & that there is no life
anywhere in the vast abysses of space."

"I am praising the trees," said Neville, "I am
wishing myself to the soldier & the nursemaid."

"And the soldier," said Neville, "makes love to the nursemaid behind
that harsh cedar tree"

"And the sun," said Jinny,

"Gets in the trees" said Susan, "all
seems eternal. Seems as if no leaf would ever fall; a
no bird ever move."

"It seems" said Jinny, "as if the miracle had
happened; what we all desire; a life were staged there, now."
flotted from falling."

"And at last, said Rhoda, "we had no more to live"
"Listen" said Louis, "to the
breathing of the wood; as it moved through eternal space.
as slowly more. For millions of years we are dead"

"Tick tick, hoot, hoot;

"Tick, tick, hoot, hoot" said Bernard. "I think I
am in a car: I think of electric railways: I think
(like a fly that is trapped, goes round & round in the
same worn cage) of my own life:
Rise, fight, I say: Offer yourself to the

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chimerical chaos"

"How lovely and melancholy" said Neville. "I adore one bank clerk more than all the stars." And yet there are moments when the universe seems almost wholly beautiful & we, pullulating, insignificant, dishonour the flies. Even with our lust."

("But Louis," said Rhoda, this plate will not last. They are already beginning to smooth their napkins by the side of their plates. Neville looks with curiosity at somebody who has just come in the window. That Girl is leading the deer who are drifting up to be fed. Jinny has taken out her looking glass, & is looking very intently at her face. Now, like an artist who has made an important decision, she has drawn her powder puff over her face: Do her lips require reddening? Not at this moment. Susan, who feels thy at the right of these preparations, fastens the top button of her coat & then unfastens it. She is preparing for something different.

"Yes" said Louis, they are saying to themselves "what lies before me? What comes next? These lawns are now cut out against the blue of infinite space, in which there is no life, but only whatever. Still they hunt; they are on the scent. Their voices are stuck a low. They do not finish their sentences. Now they move. They are going to walk in the gardens before they rest. And we shall go with them as if we belonged to them. But we shall soon drop a little behind."

Like conspirators who have something to whisper" said Rhoda.

Neville,

has given one flick to her veil.

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why should anybody put a
golden hat on her head?

"And King William" said Bernard "left over a molehill in the very park. A crown, rusty against the sterling aberpeg gentleman that was like a ~~teapot~~ golden teapot. What is the part our little English part of Kings, & there's Gainsborough decoration? All then ~~Carnaby~~ becomes ourselves, directly we lose our grip a time; ~~which~~ ~~alone~~ then only the King is on his throne, wearing his crown. But now, as we walk towards the gates this building is ~~dense~~ legs as a cloud, set for a moment on the sky. And we ourselves - even though we walk six abreast, what do we oppose to the universal thing? ~~How~~ ~~We accidental~~ our ~~comings~~ comings together ~~streams~~ like driftwood for a moment on a stream: ~~how~~ volatile ~~our existence~~, how precarious, ~~what are~~ our lives: what ~~are~~ have we written to let ~~with~~ these perpetual random evanescent lights that we call brain; heart; how can they make way, how can they do battle? ~~And~~ that we have loved, & that we have had ~~certain~~ moments of exaltation? ~~For example~~ ~~when~~ Neville knew a poem at my head once, "~~I thinking~~ ~~Hamlet~~ cried ~~as~~ I two knew what Shakespeare knew". That ~~is~~ ~~has fallen like~~ like a rose leaf ~~petal~~ fallen in some shade ah is ~~with a sombre contrasting~~ memorable "I two knew what Shakespeare knew" That two has gone, has vanished, like a rose leaf in the blood, never to be found again.

~~"And Hero and Neville, we better than children, &~~

over sense of 16, 17, 18 hundred & Thirty 9 Milton & Milton.

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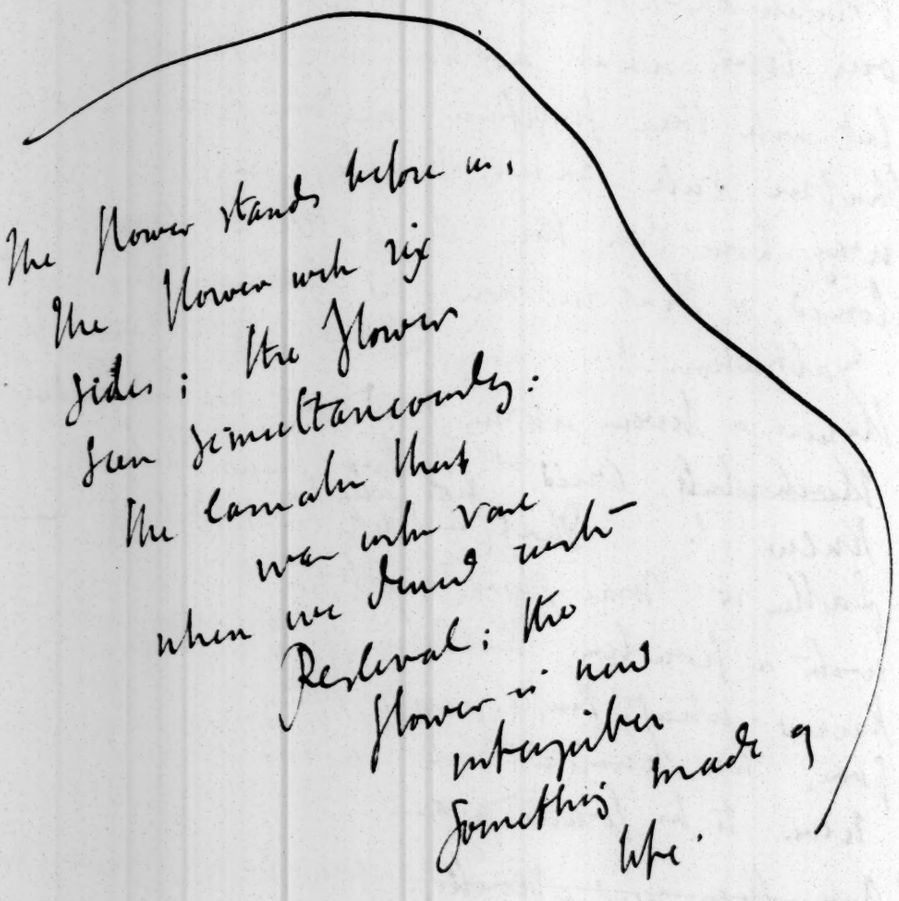
The flower stands before us,
the flower with its
sides; the flower
has semi-transparency:
the camera that
was with Vaux
when we found with
Percival; the
flower is used
interpreter
something made of
use.

"Most suddenly" said Neville, "the machine clicks. We may be
somehow ridiculous. After That day dancing.
Time falls into perspective again. Age returns to this
Gallery. Three hundred years seem long. Once
again the bubbles take up their hart-. King
William mounts his horse, I am ~~immensely~~
~~interested by the~~ once more convinced that the
the fate of Europe is a ~~matter~~ of immense importance &
~~that~~ which is of immense importance (Hyde a moment
ago seemed ~~laughable enough~~) ~~depends upon~~
~~Marlborough & the Whigs. hangs in the balance &~~
all depends upon the Duke of Marlborough.

"We believe now in the Duke of Marlborough" said Rhoda.
Next we shall dream the character of Godolphin & go
talking about Whigs & Tories shall undergo that
strange transformation into English people at a certain
point while we advance down this avenue
of trees, ~~feeling for the moment~~ no diversion into
Spain or Italy, but many all one undertone — all the boys
bring — a triumph. While Neville talks of Somers &
Halifax & Queen Anne, it seems as if the iron
door had rolled back; Time fangs have
ceased their devouring. We, have triumphed over
the abysses of space, by means of Marlborough &
the Duke of Marlborough, & Wren, Gait has
beauty too, as the Guards had beauty when
they played one summers day in a park, & I
said to myself ~~to~~ like what? & was
convinced that is really. There is no
death since we are walking in advance; I leaning

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Slightly after Jinny, Jinny upon Louis; Bernard arm in arm with Neville, & Jinny touching Louis. What curious mood that disembodied still mood is on us; ~~that~~ is as if the walls of the mind had become transparent; & the iron doors have rolled back, & we are walking in a heart & eyes this momentary alleviation (it is not often that one has no anxiety) yes, & it has given us a moment's haven, it has given us eternity.

"That flower hangs before us, made of all our lives."

" a ~~gigantic~~ something palpable, something real" said Jinny.

hung
a splendid apparition" said Louis. ~~She~~

~~Less~~ ~~for~~ Six rides.

It plays against the night. In which we have all contributed. Flickers changes yet always returns to one shape. ~~Like~~ A massive composition.

Old Mrs Constable ~~from~~ squeezes her phrase & the sensation gets shi- made it started. Then life pushed it circular & drastic, & with violent efforts we push on arm both & thighs And begot children. And moment after moment piled up: & were now lit through; now suddenly blazed; ~~&~~ the shadow of death fell; ~~&~~ was the not altogether consumed. And then we broke off. Dusk.
Past were recalled. Systems entered like the planets.
Speech was not allowed us. Behold this
beautiful ~~illumination~~ thing.
Then suddenly we are united by a sense of our strength:
~~& common effort~~. It vanishes. The great
pallor, the great illumination blazes for a moment.

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"A mysterious illumination" said Louis. "visible for a moment against the sky."

"Quivering but massive" said Bernard.

"Built up by innumerable small strokes" said Jinny.

"A many-petalled life" said Neville. "Bernard, Neville & Susan. Even Rhoda & Jinny: ~~together make up one life~~ There it hangs, against the illuminated sky. many-petalled; deep with all emotion. We could feel our separateness, & now, because our arms touch under it, through the screen of flesh; the moon, the fields, children, books, travel, home, marriage, death, friendship, unutterable love, bodies, all for a moment let up seeming to make one shape; one to cast one great illumination upon the sky: so that, as we walk each feels, I am contributing: I am & completing: I am being completed — by only as the background is so strange, we do not know perhaps what the pattern is. what this blended flower that shakes at petals is: how much change: what it means, rising so firmly, so upon the dark; made of such ~~tremendously~~ keen sensations; such & ideas; made of gloom as ~~many~~ much darkness; still capable of flowering splendidly ~~for a moment~~.

Look. Now it vanishes. Now —

"Here we break off" said Louis: "Susan ~~& Bernard~~ & Rhoda lag behind

Susan with Bernard: Neville with Jinny. The gardens of the old palace begin to ring with birds' songs. — the owls, the nightingales: now that there

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And Jinny
who always loved
Bernard with say to him -
My lost life — my
And Jinny who always

lovers, for & we are all that. Though so differently, pair off
eyeing. & Nick the Gloves, whose, in the shade, Jerram, who
has always loved Bernard with ray to him Oh my
ruined life, my wasted life, & Neville, taking
Jinny's little hand with the cherry coloured finger
nails with Percy love, love, & the Elvers, imitating the
Nightingale, love love love."

"They go further & further" said Rhoda
leaving us, as we knew they would: dallying by the
urns. They sink away over the plain. Secretly
yet with assurance, as if they claimed an immemorial
privilege, not to be disturbed. They are
lost in the darkness. They cannot help deserting us.
They are under compulsion to break off & be alone.
There is a tide in the soul which they obey.
These things follow some law."

"Look" said Louis. "They have drawn ghastly
like dragging
message. a confused, a composite message. The
holiday hoot of the steamers, making out to sea, the
flash of light from the electric rails, the grave
lowings & bendings of the trees, breathe back to us the
message of those who are now couched under trees, under
bushes; all the nameless men & women who have
been here, under the King or another. They moan; they
stir; they breathe darkly. Buried in the flow,
Couched under banks, or walking up & down
under the plane trees which grow on the dearhore
near Athens they endure back this song.

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"If we could mount together, & harder" said Louis, "we could perceive from a sufficient height, if we looked in its Each other's arms, which then remain Empty, we could make one line of beauty; & look down & dominate, & see to the depths & remain untouched, in our own bodies, remain ~~aloof, unwounded~~, untouched, if we had sufficient strength & insight, & could endure the loneliness: could be without any support: like Lucretius, like Plato, & there before are disturbed by faint Clapping sounds; ~~but the applause~~ the & laughter: we never speak; we never rise above; we are bound down by our fate we are scared like birds. We hear voices blaming & mocking. We

Yes, Two trembling two voluptuous ~~we~~ said Rhoda: "& two I perceive ~~perceives~~ of these lives; the past, the present: I who believe in solitude only at the hour of death, & its violent rebuke; & its final truth of wings, cut away.:—Then we are divided

And ~~Our arms are empty~~" said Louis. "We have "L' love love love" among the Jews. lacerated that embrace. ~~Now listen; look. The~~ & fishing rods, & bags, & the red finger nails & Jews's insight, as the teacher among the grasses. And still we forge, & look & listen, & penetrate these shades, with our as far as we can with effort, with endurance, day by Yes day. Look, look. The net is raised higher & higher. It comes to the top of the wave. The water is broken into silver, quivering white fish. Now they are laid on shore. There are people coming towards us. Are they men or women? They still wear the Antique garments of the flowing tide in which

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they have been immersed.

"Now, as they pass that the "sea Rhoda" & they regain their natural size. They are men & women. Their feeling of awe, as they put all the draperies of the flowing tide, turns to help, to admiration, because they are so small.

What have we made such a clattering noise about you?" "The whole world "sea Rhoda." It has broken into bits, & we just. The waves that were whole & entire as it each & all had come together, with the fires, the water, & you all absorbed among the flows, ~~making part of it,~~ ~~that world is gone now.~~ Where you sauntered, ah is gone. ~~Instead~~ But you alone, simply by your presence, replace it. The Illusion returns. It flickers, it dances. Then ~~letting~~ this questioning, 'what do) think of you?' 'what do you think of me?' begins again; & the quickened pulse & the brightened eye & all the intensity of personal existence — without which life would fall flat & die: You have drifted us into the waters of illusion: even the sun flickers. We swoon; we become buoyant; we are swept hither & thither in the currents of this wicked & dangerous tide."

"Let us scarcely breathe" said ~~Bernard~~ Neville. "Enchanted, enthralled, we have only bodies. We are in that placid & silent frame of mind when the mere thought of Neville, ~~bend & fling~~ merely asking what do I think of you, what impression am I making, is disastrous & meretricious. Forced & merely false. Jenny. We are like Jenny; yellow dust which is moth coloured in this light, or like Susan eyes

Where you murmured in your work

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which are moth coloured in this light We are almost indistinguishable from the trees A cigarette end is the only point of emphasis among us. We are silent, ~~aggressive~~"

"After our love" said Jinny. "There is nothing to hunt in rockets.

"I am never satisfied" said Susan "After a time I swallow no more. But I sit gaping like a young bird ~~with a yellow beak~~. Something has escaped me"

Perhaps that was some regret. We left you. We love the future. We separated to satisfy ~~some further~~ some further in calculable desire for something more, to be alone with one person; & to ~~grow~~ go, to learn art, with our own particular eyes our future days, believers, strong blankets, ~~of poison~~. We are worn out"

But listen, pause for a moment" said Bernard, "Listen, I see the terrace by the sea, in the dark, almost alone. How comforting this is to watch the lights coming out in the bedrooms of hairdressers & small shopkeepers on the far side of the Thames.

281
337
337
281
56

~~56~~ 280

5 ~~Dec~~ 4/30 280
280
56
1680
1400
30,800

253
~~840~~
1400
560
78,400

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Dec. 14th
1930

The sea cooled its spring & uncooled it: It struck the shore heavily, again & again, with a sound as of a wall of rock had fallen heavily, a wall of grey stones, an impermeable wall. On the crests of the waves the old gulls sat screaming over a fish, tearing a soft spray of sea weed asunder. The waves rose again & again, with one young gull swaying about, riding on one solitary plank, riding the waves, tall as they rose to shore, & then the young gulls skimmed the surface, & lighted far out, - were again carried in a hundred on the shore.

The sea now shook its branches, and a shatter of leaves fell to the ground. There they rested with perfect consciousness & lightness, placing themselves on the breast that whose they would wait dissolution. Circling in wider & more voluminous circles, the hawk sliced the wandering waters of air which moved over the world. The sun, rising and the Girl staring keenly with fore hearted speech. & then the straight jagging man, and crossing supreme, now had glanced aside, now had bruised its edge on some obstacle that let him out another shred that merged with the brown yellow. Purple & grey were shot into the light for garden from its broken vessel. Blue shadows, as of withered mussels, blackened the inner tunnels between the stalks, so that the worm for a moment stopped hammering, & the worm sucked slowly back again into its narrow hole. Now & again a whirlwind & hollow straw, a cracked twig & was blown from an old nest & fell,

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white into the slightly browned glass. The apples lay there no longer hard as green stones but red streaked on their sunny side, soft & brown where they had rested the earth. The straw was heavy on the damp heaps & moist & rank.

In the room the colours on the pattern on the blinds had run— The cream brush stroke was swollen & lopsided. The blue scroll work slightly had become a lake. There was a purple bloom on the brown of the cupboard, a transient colour, a wandering light where before the brown had been as glossy as the side of a chestnut. The height from floor to ceiling seemed tremendous, & hung with curtains, ~~breathing up,~~ letting fall shafts of brown light, & cushioning it between folds of & recesses & darker recesses. Some ~~light too,~~ ~~pieces of~~ fern leaves, from the yellow urn, burnt lit unpolished knobs, handles, looking glasses. Like red eyes looking out from caves, tunnels, & vast ~~caverns~~ caves, overhung with flies.

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"There are times" said Bernard "which seem to be no time: & places which are no particular place, just as you, if you will pardon me, are not any particular person. In particular. In fact, when you spoke to me I came into this restaurant, & hanging up my coat, found you. Hanging up yours, I did not know you from Adam. I do not know your name. You must be thirty years younger than I am. We met on a, on a steamer. I have therefore the greatest freedom in talking to you. Anything can be said to a complete stranger.

I could tell you the story of my life. But now to me part & event. There is no story. All stories about life are false. Life is like the sea; one wave, & then another & then another & so on indefinitely. Let when we meet somebody for the first time who is almost a stranger - that is very important - a curious moment when we meet a stranger, I But sometimes, especially when the meet a stranger, on an occasion like this, in a restaurant where one has never been before, then this self, Bernard, consolidates, cuts from the various in which he lives (for I am much more interested in the state of the mental debt, than in merely) & becomes the story of his life becomes an enormous wood, a succession of waves, one long moan round at which I look in & if I were to sit here for a week, talking, I could not tell you a fraction of the stories that go to make up my life. There is the story of the stranger, of the beach wood; the pergola. The I opened my purse & counted the handkerchief: the Arabic clock: - There are children, by the way; Each filling a many one volume at least; & opened Jinny felt a volume. Louis of my seventh year Each till a volume & opened

a small table with window a

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take many months to relate in full.

~~But besides~~ And what is more the presence of a stranger, & some influence in the evening hour, the unfamiliar variety of surroundings, (Even that dark of fruit has its some weight, no doubt,) this I may produce the inertness Marcon that all these scenes, ~~depend~~ may, like grapes from a stalk, from so that of I had a pencil & a sheet of paper I could draw the changes of my life in & it would be seen that these innumerable scenes ~~depend~~ hang on clusters from a thin black line which is ~~that which~~ what I call (provisionally) myself. Now the faculty of vision is so strong Marcon is so strong at times that I could fancy that I can break my life off & hand it round I am then filled with an extraordinary sense of power; & if I could hand you what I see then I should be quite content to shuffle off with hand in hand with death who would then only have merely put a rather stout, worn, old fashioned man of eighty five to bed. But I should have left behind me something miraculous.

Oh let let me ~~I~~ live up these gather from hours pleasures; let me push aside all these ~~I~~ should be make believes & deceptions & images & attempts to draw the picture of what I am half & what I ~~wish~~ have. I began to long for a little language such as lovers use, I want to say things exactly ~~with such thick of my fingers~~. with half a word. I instinct all ~~every~~ nerve that is finished. When the words come ~~Dropping so that they are always~~ images we can't but the fruit is so heavy that it can't live in me & then bursts forever & must come down with all their pent & the ground. I hasten

something to do with it

in her dotage.

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sometimes to wounds on the plain; I stop in London sometimes & hear feet shuffling. That's the language, I think; that's the phrase I should like to catch.

I write now like you in words of one syllable, how Mrs Cumberlow (our old nurse) talked her things &

& the ~~words~~ ~~music~~ ~~what~~ ~~what I want to catch~~?

those are the words that I want.

Well then, to make a beginning, Mrs Cumberlow, our old nurse, raised the shovel above her head & ~~brought~~ ~~down~~ cut that right & left all down the thin arrows of resentment. And for ever, so long as our Grass grows, wherever we move, whatever we knock against - ~~these are shovels, what~~ we feel, across & resentment. (Sometimes passing a cottage with a light in the window where a child has been born, I think with that ~~another body has been~~ another gloveless body is on record -)

Take a flower, an ordinary red flower seen for a moment in a garden, and ~~like~~ like how bright-white like colours burning upon caverns of blackness. next moment a clap on the back of the head - terrible - for which reason the flower is in one hand) ~~And then walnuts running. And this~~ mean time: one leaf against the sky; & this a whole rat white with maggots: ~~writhing~~ under some leaf. And all this happens in one second & casts forth. that of course there are large plains of head & buffalo, ~~wigs~~ & milk & hours & hours & sleep. while a ~~bee~~ fly buzzes

~~Helen Hewet Jinny. How Hewet Rhoda, Louis, Jinny~~ -

~~Rhoda~~ - And they [illegible] no reason, ~~to~~ Mrs Dalloway as one ~~turns a corner~~, turning the corner, one runs bang into Neville: Jinny suddenly appears: that little Elf squeaking over a bagatelle ~~with~~ to Rhoda: ~~at that Boy~~ Louis, a long way ~~was~~ rather late for tea: & Jinan — ~~at~~ that name I

Chairs
table,
plant,
women.

So they have dropped another ~~leaf~~ page of flesh into the Cauldron.

~~Jinny Jinny Jinny~~
when a
new dotted
Curley

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pause, ~~for the~~ over feeling ~~even more~~ the Herbehend flatterer
for Swan ~~the~~ Her who cried, as I left (I was in the trap home with Neville)
my indifference melt: Neville did not melt. Therefore I am
myself. not Neville. Also how strange the feeling is. I
to feel is pleasure think - for I am sure - pleasant. All the same time, (I like it)
the wet pavement had Kindness & seemed with a kind smell me.
~~We sat on the white brown & green seats.~~ The wood fragrance flew out
& I made my little brown-bag at my knee; not perhaps with Jane; but
when Even a wand knocks a hole in this mind there is in
love. But with what? ~~I am always falling~~ I was
in love but not glad with man & woman. The fadeness smelt
the lawn with big brown. The lady sat weaving.
I cannot interpose with a single stroke of mine brown; the
Weaving. Weaving. Nor with the legs of that woman
weaving And this strange, to them, that vapour, but, fed upon Every
Luxury Known to man - ~~where she lodges a fadeless weaving:~~
& that Cannot stop that fadeless weaving; & ever how, likely
to credulity a ~~woman weaving~~ ~~sitting~~ at a window mat
We dispo dislodge that woman.

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2

there they are, all day life as if, one had woken in Stonehenge, & yet was already surrounded by great stones. Then again, though one was a little boy, talking in breeches leaves, & comfortably, I recall as vividly as the trees, & the pigeon, & Jasper Healey, whose narrow back meant safe & down like a pumphandle swinging as she rubbed — I recall my vision of [illegible] & then became aware of the presence of enemies: that obstinate hopeless opposition, that [illegible] which is like knee forever hostile to us; so that the whole of life is an act of effort, & again effort & again effort; & to sit passively in a beech wood is impossible. to be carried on log on the back the wind is impossible. Then changes from decade to decade. But I seldom sit for half an hour without being aware that whereas the natural course the world is [illegible] way, my course is this way. another. And therefore, jumping up, I ran down hill, hand in hand with Jasper & saw the Stable boy clattering about the yard in rubber boots And then more bread & butter. more milk, more bees droning round the nursery ceiling & there fluttering shapes on the ceiling; those perverse islands of sun light - like the breasts of doves, drops of water. & Louis described [illegible] of his bottom. heard some night word, the regatta. & pantaloon & queen.

the fruit with no stone.

For we were all from within ear shot. Iron, Iron, Iron, the veil in which we are cased melts; & a voice, perhaps Jasper eager, & Tom the boat boy making love to the tweeny among the raspberry bushes, comes through: indifferent penetrates. one sees Neville, Rhoda, Louis, faces began to surround me: & one's own whole personal way is streaked coloured & sometimes

of the pendulum that forever turns the opposite way:

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an inch a no sprattled up[illegible] shoved; & then the Rhodes, Loves a Rhoda recoil in horror, were violently repelled — the disfigurement of human flesh appalled Rhoda Love: Rhoda was a[illegible] at the torturers that human beings inflict ~~upon each other~~: ~~could not bear~~ Neville asked her for her Knife. when she was swimming her we hotels to the South Sea islands.

I was preserved from their ~~glances~~ glances & have survived mostly my friends, & am not a land mark because I ~~am deficient~~ in for ten generations my fathers have had more than Enough to Eat; ~~or~~ (Little squires, comfortable Clergymen) & then, ~~why should me attach~~ ~~their faces~~ are the inherited a sense of continuity & so security: & then ~~why should one~~ ~~the spectacle of human life~~ has, ~~what one sees~~ the panorama which one sees not from the roof, but from the third storey window, is to me more interesting than any ~~what the says to him or~~ ~~that particular drawing Room, by that~~ that particular woman looking at that particular man. Even if he is merely I am in a room one of a group. at school ~~it was impossible for them to bully me~~ I how could I be bullied? ~~How could~~ My mind wandered. I ~~at School~~, why not be absorbed in the spectacle? why their minute, Egotistical, feverish absorption in our own functions? And then, whatever I was doing pleasure to be under a roof, & watching the different Expressions on the boys faces as they listened to the headmaster, & forgiving his lips, with Lucy at home, & her, & the trying to formulate some sort of Explanation for the fierce feelings that remained more in me; time passed: the were melted; I lost each vestige of uneasiness; but never that rare delight which stays me that with a herd of little boys. to laugh at the relevant features of the Scene. I liked to observe Percival:

are
women say

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& the organ. & the prayers. & Lucy, leaning over the edge of her
ivory bound prayer book.

Thus are contrives scenes. But when, having so
arranged a scene in chapel, I come to the ~~picture of Percival~~,
a boy who sat staring, ~~rapidly~~, staring grimly, with
some ~~resolution~~, ~~& other fierceness~~ at the wall, &
was ~~therefore the~~ ~~[illegible] & the other boys kicked them~~
hands & he kicked his, & the back of his head) — [illegible]
the symmetry of this picture is destroyed; & I
~~am reminded of~~ Here should be music; there should be
some wild carol — nay, long down rush of brown heat
Here & there should be fulgorites & thick flames of
North: & the wild Xattes up & neck & ~~the~~
moorland torrents — when ~~the~~ to break up
our symmetrical scenes — our apprehensions,
orderly arrangements — here a yell, here a wail:
there should be a wild cry: a hunting horn: hounds in
full tongue: there should be a rush & a riot:
& the ~~scene~~ some thing entirely unconnected with the
scene, as if ~~[illegible]~~ a pack of hounds had passed
the window; & some scream had healed. so
a peal of wind ~~[illegible]~~ through the window there should
come a cry from some wild, naked, unashrehinded
life: a sound that should ring among the hills. This
away. whatever startling, what unexpected,
what we cannot account for, what escapes un-
what ~~ruins~~ symmetry to nonsense — so that the
utter abhorrence of observation is unchanged:
fellow go down: the door shut off; ~~all~~
There are the irresistible moments;
& so secret too; & ~~visit~~ & loud, I ask. Can

when he plucked
her hand to his
head, the
rose shed)

'I am in love'

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I convey this to you? Then only when the brilliant peasant
Thais upbraids me that I am so engrossed by life in scenes.
"Perceval then had that kind of beauty which
depends itself from any cares. And as he was
not precocious I suspect that he read whatever was
written up for our edification without any comment,
& thought, with that magnificent equanimity that
was to preserve him intact from so many
humiliations & meanness, that Lucy's Hayden
pigtails & pink cheeks were the height of
female beauty. Thus preserved his taste later
was of extreme fineness." That will do — And I
might to add, that, being a man of action, he
pitched out his head & died, in which respect, ~~even to night,~~
that these words, these insignificant & hardly
formulated lives — pouring down Shaftesbury avenue —
coming up to Jake at the door of Tube, &
go, & many Obscure Indians, & purple dyers & Lamen-
Dancers, & old men who have been cheated by
the black coated Scribes & whipped dogs.
Left. Crying little boys & girls, back a ~~bachelor~~. He
would have ridden about in a sun helmet,
administering justice: about the age & thirty he would
have ~~irretrievably~~ ruined his Career. And ~~The old~~ No
Lullaby comes ~~back~~ to me: Sleep sleep.
as I stood in the street, beholding the stream, & a
whalebone black stays, & he punched into the taxi, &
the roar of London & youth's creed in our ears: &
the ~~howling song~~; No lullaby comes to sing his
but a wild hunting song.

Then there was Louis.

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"Now I have this book in my hands" said Roman "this
Earth globe with many coloured lights. Now I hold it before me:
turn it between my fingers, search it in its detailes, in its
confusion. This "My life"; hers? our life.
in what were to many wanderings and light. dreams, visions.
The illusion is now strong upon me (in the restaurant, in the
corner, with you, whom I do not know, except that we met once
on a steamer I think in Italy)

Because you are unknown, because of the unfamiliarity
of my surroundings, perhaps, it must appear to me that
I hold it; this globe: has rounded some vast circle in the
cycle. Comes now back deep, back steadily into this vast
conglomeration - this vast annal Jamaica. what
ad hominem for a moment, has presents itself before me as
a completed. If I could hand it to you entire;
Something that would be best. If I could break it off as one
breaks off a bunch of grapes. & say take it away &
do what you like - that would be best. While the
moment of completeness lasts, while I have this solemn VH
illusion of having a complete thing before me.
Unfortunately we cannot are must tell stories.
There -
A story about childhood; a story about love; a story about
I can make up an innumerable stories - this is the
story of the Orange of the sky of the wood of the prison of
Susan Jenny Louis Neville - each would fill a
volume, & they would be false; there are no
stories. We are always telling ourselves stories, as if
we were children. Then we see ridiculous
flamboyant, beautiful plans. But oh how
tired) am of these phrases, which talk with all
their feet on the ground, & are so empty!
& of these neat designs of life drawn upon holy sheets of
note paper. I began to long for some

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like the rhythm of text on the parent.

little language, such as lovers use, half articulate, broken. & I begin to desire some other order; what, I know not; something more in accordance with our ~~the~~ those moments of tranquil assurance & inner certitude which come (now & then) when we have no further need of stories.

Lying in a ~~bath~~ ditch on a windy day, when it has been raining. Then over the sky come marching enormous Clouds; tattered clouds; wisps of cloud: then I I could not convey to you my troubled confused but angry, humiliated, but at the same time pleasurable sense of being swept over by the indifferent procession of which I am allowed for a moment (until the little figure trotting my mind) a broken fragment momentary stumpie. What blows me then is the the carelessness. the height, the indifference: & the the weldness & the grey: the ~~the~~ Epic Great clouds: always changing: movement; & something tragic; & something hollow shelter: & something bowled up, but towering lasting mounting passing heavy untidy wisps & bits broken off & lost & ~~the~~ & I myself lying very minute in a ditch. ~~What~~ In the Of neatness of order, I do not see any trace, then; And that by but look, if we began to turn over these little scenes like children turning the pages of a picture book: turn back over my life with me: I will add notes in the margin:

We began with Mrs Carslake & the sponge. the lemon yellow sponge which became chocolate brown. She

Luminahan - apprehension in Dend:

Influences

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Mrs ~~was~~ Mrs Cockatoo,

Louis now, was very different. Let me draw you two or three portraits. He suffered from chilblains, the penalty you pay for an indolent life. The unmoveless eye of Youth fixed upon those swollen joints. Yes, but we were also struck to perceive how cutting, how alert, how severe, his ~~was~~ powers ~~of criticism~~ were. How, naturally, when we sat under the elms pretending to watch cricket — There I held a sort of Court, entertaining the stories for which I was famous, — we waited his approval, seldom given. His authoritative mind reared its way, ~~too~~ reluctant as we were; for his ascendency by my other friends we resented; Percival's ~~in the Shetland, being~~ was avowed. Then Louis, both our feeble arguments & broke them. like twigs, across his mind. Sullen & sulky, suspicious, he ~~has~~ once broke a door with his bathing fist. The ~~Poet~~ Poet legend clung to him reluctantly; his speech was too bare, too severe for that kind of mist to ~~cl~~touch itself. Unyielding in perception, ~~he~~ without any of those simple ~~tastes that we~~ attachments that make ~~friends~~ connect me/with the other sexes, he remained always aloof, a enigmatic; being a scholar, & capable of that inspired accuracy which has something formidable about it: ~~he~~ & My phrase, looking up through the elms, about the clouds did not meet with his approval. But on the other hand, I was much surprised to find a letter from him; I have been his confidante; he was terribly dependent on sympathy. He had a curious longing to be what I am by nature: I need not say that his efforts met with ridicule. Untold

an unfeel-

Walked across the cricket field: hitting the ball whenever it came near him.

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Upstairs But he became often Devil's advocate. He pursued his way, for which we honoured him, & had too when he condescended to listen with approval, my sense of the values mounted lavishly.

I with also Neville were incorrigibly lazy: Get through him, that I have never found without Ever precisely touching the Latin classics: have also devised some of those persistent habits of thought that make us irredeemably lop-sided: about Crucifixes for instance. He detested the sight of them. Our half-love, half hate were to him an there heinous indefensible treacheries. And then, the Catullus & Lucretius the ravaging & Ironical Doctor, whom I invested with all sorts of humane characteristics, was temperamentally a humbug: & so has turned out a ferocity that made up for his indolence. when Catullus. Horace. Lucretius. I lay in the grass, & extended himself some Greek chair, with his rapidly discovering, with a mind like a fine tongue of an ant eater, to detect Asterous - flutterous words it, the very curl & twist of those Roman sentences, which for me he learned in hand. The long efforts of the masters waves came stretching by, on land breathing Remembrance, mountainous: & the pleasure hardly kept waves horrible boredom. Nothing could happen to lift that weight of unbelievable monotony.

When the little girls, Rhoda, on the East Coast, at Brighton

Now let us turn another page.

The Chorus. Letters begin

descend at the first

proof.

Neville Novalis in an indolent haze like a flies whistle. down haunting the sunny Corner of the Waging fields.

an instrument of the Inquisition.

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And I descended then gently early into the darker waters of the human chorus. ~~If life were the work of musician~~ musicians, There would be ~~there~~ many distinct melodies, & ~~then a~~ Chorus, & a pervading ~~something~~ humming in the bass; & then now & again choruses ~~where tones rather~~ distinct Everybody singing some rather simple tune — like Here we go round the Mulberry Tree, or Pollicook rather not pollicook hill — something almost eclectic. For ~~there is something~~ we are animals: we are we are not always aware by any means; we breathe and sleep. automatically; we conglobulate amorphously; eyet in undifferentiated blobs of matter. we that walk one stoop a whole brotherhood of boys for cricketing; fight an army marches across Europe: we till churchen: & sedulously oppose any renegade (Neville. Louis, Rhoda) ~~There are the exalted no doubt;~~ but she has retired separate system. And I am drawn irresistibly by the sound of the chorus across bounds, into meeting places. not pour curiously, but from some obscure desire to love & human reality; — as if man after me must be a train- I take it — I am greedy too. I like the coherent shapeless, warm, intriguing, not so very clever, but extremely racy robust & rather coarse aspects of things — men in public houses, messes, & what they talk about in their shops & drawers they rather- the forthright, perfectly unassuming rather brutal, & unscrupulous & without end or value ~~weight~~ dream & love & money & getting along somehow, humorously in the whole. Tolerantly & without great hates or ideals — ambitions or anything of that kind — So there was always that, when Neville sulked, or Louis,

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as I spoke appe sublimely turned on her heel.

Roses, not equally, by any means, but on [illegible] blobs, my Care away. melted, here a drop there another - ~~how became~~ ~~apparent~~ tickling warm. Now became apparent those delicious textures; at first so mysterious: so elastic, radiant: where no frost has been; meadows, lying white latticed with hoar frost, but there the crocus burns, there the [illegible] in the rose, the rock & the snake too - the adder with lovely tongue: & all the spotted & the strange: all the complexities & tangles. The little girls, educated on the east coast & at Brighton, had grown long legtails & had acquired the look of startled foals which is the mark of adolescence. Jenny was the first to come sidling up to the gate to eat sugar. She lifted it off the palm of one hand very cleverly & then can were laid back as if she might bite. Rhoda was wild - Rhoda one could never catch. She was both frightened & clumsy. It was Jinny who first gave me the that sharp ~~pang, that~~ pang. desirable intensely: illuminating though: what one owes the people who have made one say what were new to one & were now to be most hastily: yet ended instantly: I mean she was not my mate for me; & so I with rare her, in my throat: & suppose we look at her strange eyes, like marble, hard, but over them pour torrents of mountain spring. Crashed:

Are sixties out of bed rather early. throws up the window; look what a where the birds are! You know that sudden rush of wings - & that exclamation, & confusion; riot & babble of voices: & all the birds are sparkling; everything is trembling; the reality is everything is broken, splintered, as if the world were a mosaic not yet formed; ~~into~~ so brilliant. bright as to be unreal; sharp, dazzling vanishing unsubstantial, & one bird

Embarrassment;

Carol

NYPL

perhaps. ings close to the window.

Now I of wom beheld the other ~~ything~~ ley in their postures: I saw with wonder Ada, Joan, Dorothy, a many whose names now escape me. among them one or two figures, no distinct melodies distinguished from the general hum. Jinny, Susan & Rhoda, they had grown up, on the east coast, on the south coast. They had grown long legs & acquired that look of startled wale which is the mark of adolescence. Jinny was the first to come sidling up to the gate to eat sugar. She lifted it off the palm of my hand very cleverly but her ears were laid back and she might bite. Rhoda was wild - Rhoda was cowed never catch - She was both frightened & Clumsy. It was Susan who first drotted on my face those scalding tears ~~that which burn & brand whether with pain or~~ ~~pain, one does not know the weakness~~ is are pleasant, are painful: ~~one does not know which~~ both, neither. She was two eaters. She was born to be the adored of hosts; Sees hosts rejoice securely. She ~~loved~~, she loved: she hated. Savage & fell & ruthless. Literal, & entire; she was Her eyes were of ~~green black & big.~~ It was ~~and the~~ Drops fell on immoderate & quarreling & intolerable & sublime. Her feather tracked from room to room, in her flattering dressing gown & worn out slippers. On dull nights the ~~Her~~ fat cat was wounded like the elephant of a sun. And Jinny stood there with which the hot things: & an old dog stood by the fire; & some restless servant could be heard laughing at the top of the house as she whirred the wheel of the sewing machine round.

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Some mood I say something at the top of the house. some
trustless deceipt returns – & that ~~affection~~ ~~shows~~ me
that little piece of dramatisation, shows me, how little
~~these preludes~~ how little we are ever all immersed in
our experience: as the rat skirts grass & agony with
some observant ~~[illegible]~~ eye; & he says to me, who am in a
feverish huddle with [illegible] trans-forms. Lately –
he ~~says shows me~~ (unreally) a heap of turf &
running down to a river: where a willow grows; a
wch fine, with innumerable branches. He directs me
beyond & interprets [illegible] our ~~symbol~~ sacrament. He bids me
observe symbolically ~~the~~ growth of our experience.

Yet for on that turf) ~~was sitting~~ but ~~the~~ [illegible] Nicolls
came: I sat with Lambert, with Blake & Jenkins:
& Lamb, & Irving: & though the fine things I saw
all those grey ~~[illegible]~~ walks, I heard the hum &
~~had~~ bleat of bicycles. tram cars: I watched the willow
change as I saw it with those & a with-
another: I burned boxes of burnt matches with ~~heat~~ zeal;
changed with extreme rapidity myself.

I was Napoleon (sometimes) I was Byron.

whatever permanence (if there is any permanence) in our splendid lives.

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~~between rusty green cars~~

~~th~~ pricked green horses ear,

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(Monks House
Dec 31st
1930)

the willow tree grew by the river. I sat with Denville with
Larpent, with Baker, with Ramsey with Lowes; with
Jimmy. Through it's the fine plumes I saw boats floating
past. I burned match after match in the turf,
neatly, dreamily. so to mark this stage & that in
the process of arguing, of development, while I saw meanwhile
the old grey buildings on the other side of the stream; —
Caught — in work — my attention on the outskirts of my intelligence
in that soft border land which catches perceptions
or sensations & holds them till the mind can get to
work on them. the floating sounds of the Traffic
on the High Street; a scarf watched a girl on a bicycle
who seemed to lift the corner of a curtain concealing
the populous undifferentiated human chaos lying
behind my the figures of my friends; & the willow tree.

While roughly
Chapel —

Here I am alone was rooted; there it remained, (Shakespeare
when I was Shelley when) was the hero of a book
now forgotten I forget his name or the Rosicrucian; which I
danced for a whole term) was Napoleon but
I was chiefly Byron. For many months I wrote
my hand to Medora in a room flinging flowers —
riding whips on a chair. (Then) I was always
going to the book case for another sip of the medicine.
Therefore of course when a lady who I now the wife of a
well known peer leapt over a hedge, narrowly
missing the pony cart in which) was
driving my mother to Church, I let fly
my remembered accumulation of phrases; every
book, every wonder dent was littered with my
unclenched letters. And I bought the right
hats & coats: I arrived at my father at his
home, early & late, instructed her in the intricacies
of the heart & did not marry her of course, for

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failed in the end, bring no doubt unfitted for the particular intensity.

Here again there should be music. — not that wild & clamorous work that in extreme youth we greet our first night day of Percival, we that have ourselves in love with life, rather with the possibilities that life contains; but a ~~fatherial, fainter~~, something fatherial, visceral; all words here break down. No transcript has yet been made. The day breaks all purples. A coloured slide has been ~~cast~~ over the ~~eastern~~. Compare a room seen before the curtain comes & after. Think how what a ~~letter means~~. ~~Knowing a letter~~. And people outside the circle – they don't see, don't hear – how strange. And the perpetual pr. Mrs Joan. And merely moving in this gamming sordid substance – how cartoon one is these grey moments – or the agony – the living revisited – drawn out hopelessly, beyond ones limit of safety – & suffering all the time: then those moments of ~~quietness~~ blankness – how strange: & then more ~~blood~~ floods of apparently meaningless joy; combined with that mystic sense of completion: ~~which~~ of annihilation; & suddenly one shuts apart: & that ravishing dogfish roughness, & the hand we have scratched by the dog-fish, the serrated edges of what one feels when the, Incyangle, has missed the worst & can't come that day. The ~~crying~~ of all horror: the through that gap – what is the use of painfully elaborating these consecutive sentences when one what one needs is ~~some~~ something ~~fanfare~~ of love! like a bark or the ~~noise of~~ noise of hounds? And then Jean Cates to see in some ~~restaurant~~ restaurant, as it might be here, a middle aged woman taking off her cloak: That was the cause of it.

but primeval yet ethereal too: the rays thro' dark are red light & pearl red grey

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this indeed very odd, very odd, that nobody has ever been able to say a adequate word about love.

But to return. Let us again pretend that we are unrolling a perfectly plain & logical history, where one thing being detached – love for instance – we go on to the next. I was saying that there was a willow tree;* I wish to make you understand that that shower of falling branches & crooked the trunk appeared to me Even then & now had external they & the effect of a participator & commentator of what remains outside our illusion, yet cannot stay them; is for the moment changed too. And yet preserves Even when most transformed some. Unfailingly indeed & whole our human lives lack: hence the gravity, the its permanence & its eternness. We change. Here Neville for example: & its everlastingness. with his speech & his calm good sense; his clarity, & order & that pattern Calculation of any blur; or fume. But Can anything be as Or monstrous Clear as ah that? I would say. And following his Or portentous Portents. page I would observe how at last upon a point of a Gramophone; & the young man in flannels. Through The scene was lit out with intensity: the moment Stayed; permeated with his greatness; his anguish, Clarity, & ecstasy: his sorrow: Then There were Rhoda & Cam. The wound like advantage gray helter or In a flowing form old gentlemans in barrow or donkey wobbly the turn to hide behind. What strange many fear wavered & hid shily, went & blew like a flame, in her grey startled dreaming eyes! Cruel & Unkind as we are, we are not a bad & that stem- has have our fundamental goodness surely: or life wound Care. The willow, as the hand it

* much more new,

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grew on the verge of some grey desert where one bird sang on a withered tree. The leaves shrivelled as he looked at them, were turned to ashes as he raised them. The traffic roared on hoarse over bocks & boards & slowly away. And then were pillar, cloud, hermit, & the verge of a desert lake. Then Jenny: She was like a flash of fire, she was like one of those orientalist prophets, Earthly & hot, febrile with the desire to drink dry dust. So little flames zigzag over the cracks in the dry earth. To the made the moment dance, make it flicker with Mystery one would say but that she never imported what was not there. Here we were, It was a street, it was a room, it was a garden: here we were; at this precise moment. And there was no past & no future: merely the moment in its ring of light: the brilliant moment; the great moment itself. As for Lewis, when he let himself down upon an iron seat cautiously, or - I do not think I exaggerate - I read a mackintosh square when the wet began to ward off the rheumatism, one felt. I am glad to think - his presence for me adds. I had the intelligence to salute his intelligence: his complexity: his search, research; with long lingers wrapped in rags because of chilblains: for some diamond sons hardness. I buried both of my burnt matches in neat holes in the turf at her feet. Her Epsom - Cantri tongue reproved my indolence. She fascinated me with her jeweled magnolia. Her heroes were bowler hats & flat. She one rebuke - from car ranged & shuffled through her landscape. Its haunted mean streets in Northern towns; her words falling as from a shot tower hit the wall & up it spurted.

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And then after ~~there passing must be withdrawn & the~~
he got up & went: we all sprang: & – here I ask you to
follow a fortunate experience which I can only give by a
visual metaphor – that like drop of ichor which is
exactly, & then when they were all gone. I had the
ecstasy once that in me something unnamed had formed – some
grain – which softly, brought to the ground, a wave, a
sense of being precipitated, formed, falling –

I rose from the ground & walked away. But of
Chaos 'I' was forming: this grain, this sediment, that
made the drop, fair: & on a stair of celestial
Gold taken & entered a shop & bought a picture of
~~Blake~~ Beethoven in a silver frame – why?
I had no ear for music: But the words of man,
forming suddenly all heard to me: ~~the~~ & begat all
the heroes, & means. & how much was already a
fact – how I was the inheritor; how the opportunity
opened before me; ~~had~~ ~~was~~ myself distinct from any other
Organism.

(?) & whereby my own name –

Then they say & come the Bar, & ~~the Stage~~, or business, or
some post in an office. The font where a group has
come up – the carol, the exclamation, & men with
curtain. One goes into this room; this inhabited ~~dry~~
room: this place with all its traditions, & objects. One
takes a set of chambers. One rents the family
factor. ~~Their Hope & home widens; & I would~~ He rejoices are by
People who have no connection with one's
previous life have now turn up in great
Guantities. And thinking it pompous, in the
oddest conditions of ~~perhaps~~ something. One
takes the wound: the mixed sensation: I
Heaven: Hades: the complex & disturbing
impact of life in Crowded Society. How unsettling!
How unsettling never to be sure what to say next –

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& those peaceful silences. & then those one might never, never to have said, not in that company. how red, how raw, how
Indian, how lavish & confidences to Kind, & extraordinarily
that, rigid
& ~~take leave~~ of incredible sincerity; which are worth
willingly exchange for a few pence: & the ~~pleasure~~ presence on
the outskirts of that detached observer, with his
curious power to respect even here, ~~in~~ some spirit that,
~~whether~~ the test, & the ~~strange~~ river. — Even here, when one
struggled with one's mountain of tenacity & longed to coin
it into a few pence: & through the door in the next room saw
people, for instance Jenny, seated at their ease; saw
life, as the servant ~~opened~~ announced men in
white waistcoats & ladies in evening dress, one dear arm
flow down through channels romantically, lake shapes,
compose again that pageant of which one has read in books. was
the Prime Minister in Parliament; what was to be done about
Ireland or India or Japan. ~~what was to be done?~~ Come into
any little room says the lady in the pearl necklace with perspicuity about Shelley.
And we watch them withdrawing. And one thinks
how important it is to stand on the threshold of that room;
~~to be admitted to some~~ while the innocent
fluttering world of ~~unofficial~~ life, & life which one has
begun to control, ~~flashing by~~ ~~dancing by~~
~~quite ignorant~~ with ~~its~~ ~~one's~~ eyes.

Now has it fascination. But let us not
exaggerate ~~even~~ ~~as one~~ much in our desire to make a
story. There is always the nonsense, the nasty bits.
What one remembers is a matter of broken dream: Trees;
half-finished sentences, & such unexpected
incidents as hot mash in trams, & mad men in
Shakespeare. Memories very few. Landscapes
Jenny loves. So sat for a walk ~~walk~~ in order
to ~~talk~~ a some particular hide. That goes on;

Sunday or Monday

& Chelsea name; not names

making Friday

be his address.

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Jesus's all
over

Camden B
(naturally
powder)

that chocolate, like formalised dream, in wh. hey-ya times, we live
waiting for such a demn. nothing to be called an event;
nothing one can feel after a fever: nothing yet this all
a blue, this dream too; I und- the steps in the street - the
dry parched & rustic laundry poor my book - this rude bread
& butter - I this Camp. Some observation it might be about
life - go that then were the oxygen the sand that - a mighty
age of these hidden subterranean steps seen to the bottom in a
flash, ages wh. are took along merrily, busy feasts
Carlsbad with a day of this or a new bookshelf or -
The preventions. Yes und- stands of fir saw me letters
between

And then our friends.

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Let us pause a think where we are. I am sitting at a table in front of a battered priest talking to Jim whom I met on the deck of some small steamer. Then in the present I have reached on my pilgrimage: & I for some reason hold in my hands, from a hand, like a crystal, this vision of the past. I am trying to think the truth: but every word I say is only that one fish which has come to the top & lets itself be caught; while millions of fish leap & dazzle in the water, ~~in~~ the make it like bubbling silver. My crystal jar from being had thin walls of the finest air: if I press, they will burst. all their will escape.

(I am are handling a net)

~~And then~~ Our friends. Yes - this they who has come ~~woven into~~ to us: Neville, Louis Jinny Susan, Rhoda. Lastest Bonney Blake. Maybe as ~~this friends are~~ their faces. their gestures, their little gestures, their conversations we has - the scene that flew in those years of a marvellous instrument. Sonority - a music - a whole symphony - or Concord & discord - a power to make Neville new: Rhoda mad: a Louis: a whole race

a ground - flute,

regret he, as one reached upstream & Jinny Let's talk - Lets get to the bottom - lets plunge over Let us the rest, said Let's get to the bottom of this matter. Lets

Rhoda the bird - keeping mad Jinny the other -

And then, I have found life intensely for a while week: On the contrary. I think am of opinion that So why not make a Dash for it - & go off to the Cumberland Falls, where for a whole week in an Inn with no train runs down the window & Jinny & I think ourselves closely: & talk: & love & the chevalier of Balzac. & then quarrelled

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because the meat was tough; &

Susan married a farmer; the ram Hannah note found me in a Westmoreland Inn. And the full horror of marriage was then evident. And ever was to marry a man in fustian & bear him children to attach merely to one flesh & blood: to forfeit the right to bathe Hugo in Constantinople: - to be rattled The many changes went by, - & made them a [illegible] baby grey own unlabelled. for her words my own incapacity: my own doom too, & the Desire to be also rebelled: a pen; & to speak: & to be heard: & to make an end & to continue: & to be alone myself & someone else, & that abhorrence Gene of human mysteries came which the presence of Great mountain ranges, leaden Neville & the Confusion & veneration leading me to meet gruffness, workaday my sublimely did & a relief to my soul resort: which had become to human law. Doubly. A room sufficiently well cobwebbed not to crowne any remark — & yet I dont mind some doubts of discomfort; I dont mind rich Bohemian comfort.

We married, & then I married; & then —

I now think of an observation which occurred to me at that dinner when the presence of the Prime Minister inspired me with the presumptuous idea that I too made findings. Now was this: In what a they Epheus susceptibility I possess also some I have a certain shelly hardness: which against which my friends taps then breaks in vain This gradually forms a bone even upon the most sensitive — Rhoda, the most fluid girl, soon was gained an evidence: I, for some occult reason, gained the confidence at a very early age. I loved be Betsey: I forced take my knife & carve a pear, when Jim was over: or day to day find

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Introduction about

my own via vagy something just absurd Long ago the
calm without that horrid tremor which took from Louis
to Vom. An amiable fraily! No: I dislike it.
But And in these days, one look certain hairs
reckoning on character. Jen: one look anxiously
very nervously: one believed that one cd. change:
Could unlearn: could brush up one Latin by
trying a string to one right bar. An illusion.
Yet I too have heard that that via which Now that
light - I felt that unless leap on the heart - I too
observed the change which takes place in face from a
Mere prosaic object, when in the presence of third - Shall we
call her the third Miss Jones? Then The last Miss Jones
I am inclined to call the real Miss Jones. She is
the Miss Jones ~~in whose presence one feels~~ who makes one
feel. Ready, ready. Then or a matter of some importance, her own ways of doing.
She notes her attitudes to wrongly, ~~she takes her a~~
for being so clumsy about a veil - a for here she
letting free the mode that the gardener had at last caught.
Then ~~Then~~ ~~Then~~ ~~the~~ ~~murder~~ at breakfast?' Yes, at the same
the breakfast and he highly remarked - Wrapped
up suppose me to be a drape fly heard above the
head - that is the mood The third Miss Jones has
that quality: the first had not. The second was merely
~~not qa mood~~ an appearance. ~~The third~~ And so - a
parenthesis. The third Miss Jones also supposes one
with a desire to share: to the make one look for the
~~first time~~ with some accuracy at the hitherto
expensive lace a ~~was~~ from babies. And the letter
Fiera beat, Dum Dum Dum - so - the tube grew
and suddenly takes on a more masculine rhythm.
Yes, Dud say, swamp down & pd Rat,
he was and a swamp: Then the Romans came with their

Then I was the father

Vide art on but what about breakfast?

with the fact, Jacob one never made a what one does breakfast

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~~And [illegible] were alone~~ ; & so we shall continue; my
Children shall continue: & after passing a few Months with
her abroad, upon hearing we are coming into the
country, we begin our very new plan of life still
a very curious illustration of the ardour with which one
loves one's books, & talks upon one favourite subject. Old
bachelor like Lamb, dreamer like Rhoda —
are that one has love or curiosity without for the
[illegible] married — those who have rather to themselves
another bride; the other dwellers; the
Celibates - she will - willingly than loved Louis &
marry Rhoda — & have brought her to her senses,
from her flights; have stepped that perpetual
glance over one shoulder & some unattainable
object: which - perhaps affords a better domestic
view on one observation on the moral state Jane.
Jane thinks me is not in a state here to reason

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I used to follow Rhoda's eyes with mine curiously as she looked over her shoulder at some unattainable object.
~~Our friends Certainly~~ How accurately one is able, by means of our friends, ~~to make any moment~~ ~~what~~ least are able to
are ~~Colour any~~ able to colour, able to contradict, able to
~~and~~ reflect the other side of ~~any moment~~, our most
intense state - provided that we are
endowed with a turn for phrase-making.
And now, to quote from the official biographer
- a being who used to be much with me when I was young,
but has completely disappeared, - "About this time he
married & bought a house" - "His friends observed
in him a growing tendency to domesticity" -
"The birth of children made it highly desirable" ~~that~~ he should
augment his income".
That the biographer feels - a little clumsy, but one
cannot do without them phrases - ~~they can be very~~
beautiful ~~indeed if written~~ correctly - seeing that
are mean flowers, hitched them up with brass, &
begin them with Dear Sir, & end them yours
faithfully. Even at the same time one is humming
under one's breath Come away, come away
Death, or Let me not to the marriage of true
minds, or merely Hark hark the dogs do bark
or any other ~~one~~ ~~complete~~ nonsense. Also, it
correctly used how admirable ~~was~~ ~~this~~ phrase is - when a
Roman Road they lay across our lives: & compel us
to walk in step. ~~And~~ like crooked people -
about this pleasant new & then to go
blackberrying - to cut across country.
"He attained some success in his profession" -
another step of the Roman road: "& inherited a
small sum of money from an uncle". But

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at this point the Roman word becomes a little dusty.
The lunch was fine enough, but when I come to think of
what was going on in ~~my mind~~ about then I perceive
that the art of biography is still in its infancy.
~~At any think~~ or more probably thinking has yet to be born.

I became a certain sort of man Morning my
path day by day ~~by~~ like, as one reads a path across a
field. My boots became worn a little on the left side.
We came in to a room of certain re-arrangement took place.
Here's Bernard! – There were many ~~groups~~ of a many
Bernards – the ~~kind, the man~~, the ~~silly~~ the Charming, but
weak. the strong but superficial, the ~~dull~~ dull, but
sincere, the ~~extremely~~ real good fellow, the true (sometimes)
the sympathetic. the cold, ~~the wise, the~~ —
this unnecessary to the city all the different people we is,
as in different surroundings; ~~how~~ at that are, but
what I was to myself was of course none of these entirely.
I am inclined to ~~pin~~ myself down most firmly
~~to breakfast in London with my wife, to~~
to the more ~~than~~ ~~the~~ common stuff of me, at
breakfast in London with my wife, who,
I say now entirely my wife, ~~but not~~ I are me that
feeling of unconsciousness & yet reality – ~~of being~~
such a – of pen wife & one there rather
unnecessary but to me helpful magic –
a ~~head~~ pen frog has of pen place at on the right thumb
leaf – he is more apt frog for being on that leaf.
"Pan ..." I would say ... or "Jove ..." "Milk
..." the mighty Unity, or, ~~instead~~ "Eleanor Com-
Consy" – ~~For those who~~ have inherited all the
~~Words of the age thrust~~, not Eloquent Much: but
for those who have inherited all the thrusts all
the ages – but I see myself there tremendously.

Hard differently people say I that.

also the Mably: also/the mean about Tony: the rather two week dead –

to take dig my fork into myself where I am most solid

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before going to my work tremendously roled. Muscle, nerve, intestine, blood vessel, all that makes the coil & spring of ones being, the unconscious heart, as well as that little nerve which governs & watches & beats for Much both : so on on the surface - so functioned unfeebly. No woman can ever know that feeling of perfect ~~adjustment~~ ; of well being : of power : of absolute adjustment to a ~~perfectly~~ satisfactory universe (Think of Rhoda & having the waste thing over & over) ; artists always, flying though the world to overtake; artists always, flying though the world to some other end, intolerant - doubtful & always ridiculing my ~~Sophias, my Jacobs~~, my married Dead, — the & the Sophias what I would throw her —) But it was satisfactory : & I think good; we were to have a child; to ~~to~~ That my closing, That my closing, week after week, with an increasing hum & sturdiness as time went on, & the hard fever of youth were drawn into service, & the whole being seemed to ~~Sp~~ spend in & out like the mainspring of a Clock. Before breakfast ~~and then~~ I am wanted on the telephone. Look then how my being is severed & divided, & yet see with what magnificent rotarity the atoms swam round the interruption & then set to work to assimilate the message & create as I put back the receiver a new, a more complicated a more difficult situation which I am perfectly fitted to deal with. I must act. So then I ~~put~~ clap on my hat & start for the office: the Tube: would of other men in hats like mine; how delightful the sense of conformity is; & the brotherhood the freemasonry, as we all put on our hats : start to ~~kill the~~ share the beast with our energy & skill that will make the hot bubble for our young. How tolerable is

your engagement book is

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The bray & cheerful foolish beings which plays up to the door of the tube; & Mr Mother Husband went to the cupboard to get her hour day a time — For there is no doubt that the ordinary man in good health (mine is good) enjoys the is happy: the smell of bacon in the air;

Eating drinking sometimes sheet envy, distasteful urgency

Shutting, closing, &c Opening shutting, opening, shutting, the whole machanism seemed to expand in a ante like the mainspring of a clock. Toast butter, coffee & bacon, the Times & the letters — Then the telephone rings. Hear) am wanted on the telephone. Certainly. I am coming. Then I take up the receiver with composure. I feel equipped for any ~~able to deal~~ with anything. I feel that whatever happens is good. I remark the ease with which my mind adapts itself (saying as this is. I feel ~~myself able to deal with anything~~) It proved to be the fame of ~~I was summoned to the~~ presence of the ~~Queen~~ Governor of Montana to the Queen. I feel the magnificent relativity with which the atoms swarm round the intersection & accumulate the message, & have created, by the time I put back the receiver, a new, a more complicated, a richer world in which I am called upon to act my part; & can do it. (I choose a rich autumn instance as for instance had I been called to rule the British Empire)

Was only a message to Governor but

I then put on my hat, & walk into a world inhabited by vast numbers of men each of whom have clapped on their hats, & as we pass each other we exchange glances of good fellowship, ~~understanding, all engaged on the same desire to~~ a kind of wink/ — & is about the something fully understanding - the wink of hunter, cronies, powerful, fully & brave & dodgers & all set on the same end - to make a living —

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There is no doubt that life is pleasant. Take the ordinary man in good health. There is no doubt that the mere process of life is ~~satisfactory~~. He likes sleeping & eating. He likes the smell of fresh air, & walking about. A man has ~~to like offices~~ along the Strand; or in the Country there's a cock crowing on a gate: there's a coal tattoping round a field. There's hot water, & soap, & apple tart — & for dinner. Life is pleasant. Monday Tuesday Wednesday follow each other; each spreads the same ripple of well being; wheels the same ~~the~~ curve of rhythm; one inhales take a little breathe, ~~gradually~~ with a sharp cold thrill; another ebbs leaves a little blackly. So the being glows rings: the identity becomes robust. What was fiery & furtive & intermittent like a fling of grain cast into the air & blown hither & thither by ~~great~~ gusts of life from every quarter of the globe is now methodical, orderly flung with a purpose. ~~Being is~~ we stream.

to talk only of the usual pleasures, not the extreme,

And how pleasant! And how good! How tolerable is the life of a little shop keepers, I would say, as the tram drew past the suburbs & the raw lights hemically lit flares over the carcass of beef. Cochon, en gerbe, busy as a swarm of bees, I said as I stood at my window & watched the stream of workmen/men - or what unlimited endurance & violence & hardness of limb, I thought, seeing the boys in white drawers sawing about on a pavement & shovelling snow in January. Now, being clumsy about some small matter, (perhaps the meat was underdone) I turned

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luxurious to drink with a little ribbon the Evening
Stability (which yet proved to be our child was to be born)
of our married life, last week that Charles Mathew at Dinner.
I spoke unreasonably, as if being a millionaire,
one threw away five shillings. or, because one was
a perfect Steeple Jack used to the life at St Paul's, one
cut a caper on the garden wall. Then, we made up our
quarrel, on the stairs, going up to bed, &,
standing at the window, I said, looking at the sky
which was clear but dark, like the inside of a
blue stone, Heaven be praised, we need not whip
this prose into poetry. This simple business
we need not leave our voices, even. The little
language is after all the best. For the space
of the prospect & its
Clarity seemed to offer no impediment
whatsoever, but to let me expand & cast
out in arms circles to the end of Space.

In to this crashed death – Percival's among the blackest ashes.
Our child was born. Even coming down stairs:
the night before. which is happiness & what is
worse? – I said bravely leaning against the stairs,
Especially dead. Opening to the two parts of my body,
making a purely physical statement. You know how
one hurts one's foot down inside – when there is no sleep:
It takes some time to deal with the physical remains.
Half one's body is cold; half warm; then one's
foot finds the stair. One brain – unfortunately
begins to work. like a tramp: cold, here, hot there,
somewhere else, yet wept, outcast: a sense of
Darkness upon the waters. One's foot then finds the stair.
And everything becomes transformed. This is a
stair – coal: a man is singing a hymn.
One's self seems whole: entire: but dare journey in a
moment to unfold harm upon that island. Wait

a head butter. Also

One has an agony when only the whole soul feels.

And one hears a man lurking in the stair.

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a moment. Give him another second of reality: let him put
his foot down. And the time that was in the sitting room,
~~I should be taxed to face it.~~ there will be no escape.
There was nothing to be done: Nobody could take any
notice. What did it matter, in London! To Bruton St.
I saw the first morning he would never see. The
sparrows seemed like toys, dangled on a string by a child.
It was a pageant, a show. My attachments were cut.
What a odd is, ~~was~~ the relief: the time go vast
burden removed; ~~it~~ pretence, ~~the~~ make believe, the
routine. Nothing: what more valuable ~~Experience~~, ~~what~~
possession, what finer blessing could there be, I
said - Fearing but what I held should be broken.)
went & looked at pictures. ~~I thought~~ a
Square, a Arch, one stood on another. ~~This~~ Caesar, to
silent to the which we have made, At ~~Ach~~ Achi, a
arch in Park Lane: this is ~~enough: what was~~ all, I
said; & enough: & here is his suffering; & our
friendship, what we had (in that sense for instance upon
Chamberlain) but pressed & forgotten. There will be no
quarrel ~~and what a pang~~; no miserable explanation;
Empire & Archer & Colour, seem fading, but tender.
How strangely the room filled with the past & the
peace & the certainty of understanding, &
~~him~~ what a increase strength human beings
possess - then to be able to laugh, then to
hold together: to ~~go~~ Clasp in oneness: free;
Equal, ~~and side~~, & - for a moment. Indeed not last.
What torments one in the horrible vividness of
mind's eye - it unalterable irresponsible currency
how did he die how did he fall - how did
Carrey him - how did he hurt! And one sees

(by newspaper placard)

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& no longer
wethey
Remember
these
silly
things

pictures after pictures of Lucy: over & over again. Then there is always the most terrible pressure of one's memory: one has very little Control of them: some perhaps. Don't think of that, forget it. I began to muse here: but no. I must remember, in spite of his presence these thirty & fifty years, — indifferent & flirtatious. Mashams mother, how, last year before he died, I had refused to go with him to Hampton Court. I fled to Jenny & confessed. Robbery that I had not gone with him to Hampton Court. Then I thought, looking at Jenny, who sat remembering other things, that this was life, when we cannot explain about not having gone to Hampton Court. And then, of course, a maid came with a note, & as she took up her pen, to write, & I recognised my own curiously, what is the writing, the first half of her name: the new things, the things we could not share. And then there will be phrases, I thought, about her beauty: those will cover her face too. Under it she will be under below: & young: & pretended being to grow old, & love her hair, & brush the anthracite, & deal with unexpected things, & be a perpetual subject of talk. But now he stayed there — both I kept saying, that's her face in a very ugly British Cemetery: some black coated figures mumbling over him: & I should only come year after year — find more lilies.

That the delusion that death is, I said, Comes out of the mind, to take beauty. It makes us acquiesce in falsity.

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to the tenderly of the moment hanged: ~~the~~ it became
tolerable – a that I could not stand. Let us rather dwell when
what we talked in bed: his faults: let us Laugh: let us curse; let us do any
blasphemy rather than this Quietness, this Dreamy.
Let us thank worms & corruption rather than the.
Therefore I broke off. & I envy who had thought the damn,
pagan that she was, without any fetters,
the Tremendously honest in her body, understood me,
Gave her bitch body a flick with the whip,
& pressing her hand to her head so that her hair
might not be blown unduly – a gesture for
which I wished her – waved her hand to me as she
stood on the door steps: the sun not yet
too hot: blue on that plain. No. And
I observed with perfect clarity the detestable
meanness, the thick ankled, stupid, complacency
& stolidity of middle-aged women;
dreary old men; fat men like the Jew; & the
Enjoyed the aged about ninety: Everybody round us
Tape, so bound to live to be a hundred. & so ugly.
& Cauliflowers. not to be seen over. And at the mercy of
the irrational would have a motor car – Everything
pushed & crushed unexpectedly. had been steered &
Vera controlled. Vera an ugly jumble: strong
weller & confusion.
boots off & crept upstairs quietly became my wife &
Child were asleep. And I must tell the maid.
him down over. And to me divan Jones. for
yesterday warm & Thing: &

& old men [illegible] an [illegible]:

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How much better to be Rhoda; how much better to see your father in the desert; I mean the epithema seemed to me then the only endurable. I mean to escape: to attach one's mind to some stake; then on the verge of the world; to be a sea bird, a lonely solitary, indifferent, a skimmer on the outskirts of things; to subsist on proper indifference; never to know what one felt at this insanity; to be all given, all consumed, given entirely to one rapture. What bliss to consume one's soul in thought: to bring about one's comprehension of unity, by thought: to care without diversion; to select like Neville: to be like Susan a worshipper of the very sun — the first-bellied slaver; ask there had ever been, upon earth, such a day — ask there had been rapture: they had all some common feeling with death: were in league with the whirling universe: were cast round; had no helper's design: I saw life, the way a sheet, through lawn eyes; as the night drew on. I visited my friends in turn. I tried to seize them as I looked cast: to make them yield me understanding: I went from one to the other, putting my shattered fragments under their eyes: or hoarding my sorrow to the end: to what for them understanding: Oh, not my sorrow: no, but the incomprehensible nature of this life we have to live, the mystery, the ugliness, the incoherence. Some people do not perish. Men & poetry: I to my friends. I to my own heart. I to seek among hills unbelow strange unfelicitous creeps & Lady Bexborough's distrust & in sense of the weakness & there was no reconciling the more: none in the two: there was no I who am I who am I unperfect - I who am I easily content.

one, one day
to draw on sheet
softer than
soft shaved
air.

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I am not sure that this is not the end of the story. A kind of
sigh. A last ripple of the wave. A trickle of water to some
pebble where, bubbling, it dies away.
Let me again touch the table, recover my sense of this
very moment.

My helper, in confidence, reported by a glance at the
sideboard, that there are no stories; & our best
Persian hotels are only for the sake of neatness: &
what we have to record this time is not susceptible to such
treatment, ~~easy~~ in fact. Oh no, we never think
of merely as a story: one seems (even I, an
elderly man, whose glowing a little about) to be
hearing the howling wind, & the passionate
passionate, the unchecked sea. This, we
feel always, we are about; our waken can only trickle
feebly round that spiky green holly: have the
greatest difficulty in melting that small
pebble. But wait. But the distant some wind
begins to blow: something stirs; some instinct rises
high in us; again we see a boat, a figure bent
the spray in wild manes of whiteness — we
bound upon the shore: we are not to be
confined.

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In other words then. I did not make my wife or break any thing
~~Each day the Dead must had to be stowed down~~; I
Can not remember any particular Salutation:

Nevertheless I sometimes doubted after that Experience
whether this the whole duty of man to reproduce his Kind
I doubt ~~two~~ whether Nature ~~these~~ provides any support.
~~It~~ matter King William & Queen ~~both a little silly~~, &
her Crown, ~~observed against~~ the English Crown -
~~observed against a billion Years & some star whose~~
~~light had just reached~~ the light of
both a little silly, if you set them against that
the perspective of how many million Years is it? -
I forget. ~~Some~~ That Star which I see now - well, if I
think about that star - & sometimes can't help
thinking about it - that star, ~~the idea of me, how~~
~~fabulous it makes us all seem!~~ & my hand, that raises the
~~cup to the table, & this room, & this little~~
~~room, this world.~~ was once Chalk, Everything
The light has been travelling for how many millions of Years?
before it reaches me? ~~And~~) & pierce myself & them
Wounds. ~~Sometimes they work: sometimes they don't.~~ I am
~~Convinced: sometimes~~ not. Light travels
But then as I sew I like to read my letter by fairy stories.
~~They~~ are so hard, so fierce, so relentless so
~~Unsentimental~~ - ~~little children~~. ~~And a mother~~
Entirely matter of fact. The relation of mother & child
fills me with horror & tenderness.
When I went down to Lincolnshire that summer to
see Jessie, who had married her farmer, she came

what about
then Labor?
the law?

Children a

& queer
a woman
with a
child
& the nature
& holiday
Crater -
Iron -

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with the swaying movement of a woman with child,
with the lazy movement of a half filled sail.
We sat on the faden & talked about Percevus. The
Carts came up dripping with hay from the meadows.
The donkey brayed. There were the usual farmyard
babble of ducks & geese. She told me that she had
always wanted to have children.
for Let them live as a most sufficient thing.

~~Dearest~~, ~~as I was saying~~,

I do not intend to more than a momentary hesitation,
day or two ~~a~~ over; a ~~moment~~ arrangement
that we should be then occupied; ~~How~~ The sort of
flash that makes it difficult to remember what one says next; ~~+~~
~~that hints dooms~~ Hyper or a metre? I don't remember.
~~Then as I have~~ when I said. Or, for example,
when I went to see Percevus that summer, & she advanced
towards me with the swaying motion of a woman
with child, with the lazy movement of a
half filled sail, I remember ~~that the feebleness of~~
~~The proceeding~~ feeling that it was no doubt
necessary but hardly as a publication. The
donkey brayed, & the farm carts came up drippy with
hay. There were the usual ~~the farmyard~~
babble of ducks & geese. And the visit was not a
success, so that I was glad to go - & missed my
train & sat on a bank by a pool, &
hay and up thought that I was again in the woods
above Elveden; & saw the gardener mowing the
Great Lawns, & the woman at the table writing.

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the sense of fruit swelling behind leaves, & a farm hand
pressing his silvered shade works the deliberate
gesture of that good workman bent down into the earth.
How fruitful, & how laborious, & how old-centurious it was
like something wrapped in a fine veil, up in a mist:
both me & a greater - the widely yet, & the calm, &
the accordance, when Rembrandt was dead & she had
retired him, & yet me for on bearing children,
& landing merely to the comfortable ways of nature, &
forgetting, covering over all growing middle aged together
that effort to see when peoples lives in the proper perspective
are always found out. Complain. He was aware of my criticism. &
probably - as people do - try & assessing their own
personalities - by uncanny reputation - (even Susan,) as
to that the atmosphere of horribly very hostile: was Carey; & I felt.
I thought sitting down on a bank by a hood to wait for
my train, they how we surrender, a life goes on,
Hard to Swinburne here we cannot over. How was
began to her aware that this must be so; & therefore
how we can not avoid it. There are the gardeners
again sweeping with their giant brooms, & the
woman working by the window. Whatever the
image that comes back to me & always with some
sense of finality & fate - are those images that
steal out like smells - that flavour the mind - that
hold us in a trance - that seem to wheat an
old tear of mercy; over & over; & then suddenly one
wakes & sees some pre-halal reference: what
we cannot overcome - to sum up - that
with the measured sway of the broom & the steady
of the figure I now left the variety & doom
what was inescapable in our lot; & the

very
grey
ahead -
to him of
even
ancient
& annoth -

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imperceptibly & making headway; & the eternal round; &
commonplace, & despair: Rob. thoughtlessness; for at every
recurrence of the mood it thickens. What we saw as a
boy we see as a man, falling in the figures & with the
weight of our added experience — tremulous, death now, &
worse knowledge of our own limitations; that
after a time the energy of our effort was spent: I
should not be even what I was: I regret; a life is
altogether more weighty; & we can never take; twice
at most we tremble; & we are always
short of some experience — Yes. They do fret
irrevocably; but with that June morning; &
I wrenched the beech wood, with all the old power to
leap & cry like explore: then, however, happily,
the sense of the enemy; the sense of darkness: the sense of
this pressing down & so up — (as a knife might feel
held to the grindstone) — of darkness, of being extra
not a force in me that fought; operated. I clasped my
~~his hands round my knees. I felt~~ The
alien & unspeakable element. The thing I yearned to be
stubborn & ~~to~~ obdurate — this dullness, this
insensibility this rage with pain, this contempt for
the established order — carriages themselves an enemy.
This the effort the struggle; this the perpetual
warfare; this the wreck & the collapse; this the
incessant shattering & piecing together; out of
chaos making order — this is the abounding
present, this is the daily battle & defeat & victory —
why everywhere at all, I said: think what they are at,
talking to themselves in the street. That's what we
share up: that's the church, the heat, the lives:
that's what we make, when we meet.

I saw the
roofs of
Elveden
beneath
me;

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or alone for the matter of that. We fight. like Every heart in
our act of worthiness. I create. Hastening
Remember a leafy beauty of the June days, you suddenly
become to me images of your forgiveness: you be wear
some beauty new, new that I have captured. Loveliness
lies on you: the dear thing a dream have been clothed in my
mind: I see you again, as I saw you when I rather spoke,
something to make a phrase of. "The wood perfect
clothed with wooden wings": what phrase
shall then be used for the landscape! Thin Vast, cowboy;
then were the sea not so far off: that long straight
road: & the last coming coming coming.

Such fiction, such words are on again – the wheels spin
against stone – one creates. This a hard metaphor –
a disagreeable sensation – the ~~fever~~ skull obsession of this
in drooping hobbles like an machine in very fact-
darkness, dissatisfaction – i'va cruelty; her effort is to
make an acquiescence as she is: ours, to stamp out,
to destroy. In existence, not to be overcome. And
I work not fast I rave: I work not acquiesce. I will
not love my own the enemy.

So the days fall: these moments of centuries
fall: & we resume our way. And whatever
food may be for misgiving these moments of
Exaltation! And how tremendously important it
becomes – to receive a dinner bidden! And, by
preference, what I want is a seat in a
shared dear carriage where ordinary men are
talking about racing. My curiosity about
other peoples lives becomes then unbearable.
I wander off to the smoke hall: I play chess: I
converse with the small & cane then
stranger.

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as enemy, as the need of effort opposition,

the massive cage of our friends & their remoteness, & how life is more of a burden than we had thought it. I remembered how then the sense of ~~hostility between myself~~ & the world had pressed heavily on my childish mind & I jumped up & said "Let's Explore!" Now what could I say! ~~In~~ the green landlake, ~~among~~ those glossy leaves; ~~which~~ concealed nothing, what was there to fight, or to explore! or to cheat! I am not sure that, ~~although writing a novel I should not~~ ~~the accent~~ here, if that ~~portrait~~ were a stick ~~at my~~ to point at the indentations of my own temperament, I should not ask you to ~~take~~ observe the immense the acute the almost overwhelming sense of Capacity for dejection possessed by this man, sitting in a field waiting for a train: with his hat down over his eyes: & the sheep advancing in that wooden way of theirs: while he cannot see any good reason for ~~getting up;~~ for ~~living again existing;~~ until they: ~~who~~ he has lost his sense of opposition: when the summer flies, & the flat placid view, & the church there & village roofs, make be in him no ~~desire to Create~~ ~~I need an audience~~ no image. I need an audience. I need stimulus. But the Magician as admiration, spectator. Yes, but now, in this solitude I ~~did~~ achieved one of those rare triumphs: those very rare moments that have quickened existence: (do not think me mystical: do not believe that I am of those men whom Rhoda attacked with such ferocity, the preachers (the prophets) I despise - I will not wrap myself pleasant - some odd sense of the I am naber that it behoves me, then unclaimed, ~~then unmolested~~ with the ~~two relations~~ the stupid to take my mind, & work it beat up a turbulence, then a stupor, make a violent bodo among those odds & ends, & push & strain. Notice & retain & the key

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[illegible] [illegible] something emerges – a phrase.
That float on the stagnant [illegible] & weedy surface: not to be
[illegible] [illegible] something emerge. When the effort & the struggle; the
& the superficial warfare; the incessant chattering &
bickering together – out of odds. And making at least
a phrase – this is the daily battle. Defeat & victory – this –
the eternal pursuit.

O sadness, sweeping with great brooms, & lady who
[illegible] working for ever at your task, how often you have heard me this
me, when the afternoon lay stagnant on the land,
tear my hair: come myself, & swear like this now – as a
~~young man, as a man no higher yet: I have heard~~
~~them~~ slap my thigh; & hail myself. How often it
must have amused you to see me here like a child
me recovering repeatedly, launching myself again upon
the sea, with some phrase.

When the mind has dominated the landscape, it
that I should find [illegible] my own Iliad in a phrase: that I
should launch myself once more into the wonderful sea
of allusion, with one of those phrases, which
seem to float from a the shark, ~~by~~ ~~endowed by the~~
~~Collocation between~~ ourselves & you – phrases.
Numbers, disordered, landscape: the shark: the
when we strike free from the mind, when we refuse to be
overcome, when we combat those disorderly forces &
unite, when we create. A phrase. That is our
great achievement. ~~That is what lends~~ beauty
to the numbers. Let those days you hear the [illegible]
whispering under & like a cart comes into the field.
a man stands throwing [illegible] & to feel that
a mayfly, that right: & like
those cracks that right. because I am in opposition:

But this is highly disagreeable: dangerous: difficult:
& a little absurd – to think that our detachment in us;

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~~English we have to~~

A phrase — a phrase — what is a phrase? Not victory; not triumph; it never are pomegranate; it puts the hen, otherwise so scattered, in order; the whole green of the leaf turns to light. I forget my phrase: they are not always whole, or properly formulated in words. But one may make a phrase, & order & calm return. One rises, pulls merely together, rises, & finds, without surprise because order has returned to the universe, that there is just time to catch the train. Then sometimes a matter of importance, like the publication of hunger, to bother & bother merely, to fill out & substantiate what might remain theoretical, linear, with all kinds of flesh & blood: how satisfactory old market women are Clambering into third class carriages with their baskets! & the atmosphere of common sense, tolerance & pleasure, that comes of days hard work in the fields. The talking at proper the talk of buying & selling; gossip. Then the lights of London, not the flaring ecstasy of youth & comets but all the same the lights of London the little electric lights high up in offices, in public buildings, in & street lamps, & those dry twig nights when the basement is dry as bone — I like all that, when I have detached my enemy in the moment, when I have made a phrase. & also, I like to find that the pageant & spectacle has not lasted for all my own visit roaming — in a theatre for instance: a play about real living people — beautiful women in Evening dress — men in Evening dress ..

The good nights & the sea foam tomorrow mowers & gramophones getting out of the waggons Italian —

That fat Herod violet van men

NYPL

I like the extreme brilliancy & perfectly of the human gift as
which for ever pushing up this fight against the
strong green woods & the sheep advancing with
measured head, munching. And then there was
the open door & the warm & garnished room, with
two or three chairs drawn up to the fire,
food, wine, conversation. Nothing of great
importance. I admit it said: but after all the new
Character ~~stocked & bottomed~~ & brought to the summit of
Efficiency by some stout office; & beauty cherished
so that it seemed newly sprung even in middle
age, & youth so highly trained for ~~happy talent~~
pleasure that one could not help noticing that
pleasure, in ~~spite of~~ everything must exist —
acres & acres of rolling land in Leicestershire,
for those who hunt; & sea stabbed into little coves
suitable for yachtsmen, & woods rustling
with bright winged birds so that these
admirable bodies might get the serene they needed.
Then I met Jinny, & a whole dictionary of ~~proper~~ whom are named
proper names — Hals Regs. Molls Dicks —
in part true facts & make little jokes, &
arrange other meetings, according to the season,
either in Bond or Gallery, in Saloon, in
woods, picnicking — as the ~~time of~~ year allows suggested.
Life is pleasant; life is good. Monday. Tuesday
Wednesday follow each other

But which life is best? A question of perspective —

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But now, which life is best? Mine, Neville, Jenny's, Susan's, Louis's Rhoda's? ~~There was a time when~~ I spread them on the table & consider. I recall an occasion, in early autumn, perhaps, on a fine night at Hampton Court. Our ~~discussion~~ was at first considerable, became very calm by that time I committed to be a person, ~~to~~ certain statement, the other life, ~~which might~~ ~~perhaps contradicted~~ ~~that statement~~ ~~seemed to~~ reality, seemed to contradict it. Jenny looked at ~~Rhoda~~ Susan's hands — unclenched: I felt flattered, despised — Neville I remember applauded, more or less, for his fame: & Louis & Rhoda, the conspirators and sometimes called them, observers, I daresay, a little bitterly the ray withdrawal, the instinctive desire which does the actress, after dinner, in contrast, to that dost of ~~surrender to~~ numerous, buzzing ~~common~~ which ~~the~~ came ~~caught us~~. ~~I~~ ~~had~~ we have lost belonged, to the look of me, I remember, to the ~~ends~~ ends of the Globe through infinite ~~space~~ — we strove group — single — against ~~the hand of unknown, dead & living~~; death & time. What could we keep? what could we say that we pronounced, ~~or could~~ what could we leave behind us? O word of dream. I thought: ~~would~~ vanish like, & saw again the gardener sweeping & the lady waiting. What is this life that hunts on the shores of the world, what is this sullen roar of waves falling? What is the background to our brief apparition? That we shall be lost — can that be all? ~~Or that~~ We shall be scattered in the dark sea, having reached from each other: that we shall be dispersed by the wave into whose realm we look, now that we have met again? Jenny Neville Rhoda Susan. Louis & I?

When we joined hands

The other person coming along the road —

Early to the bedroom.

walking on — down an avenue

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But must, must, must, that began again, like the
Concatenation of trucks in a siding. And I had only then a
~~one of those curious~~ a vast ~~ay~~ admiration, a
cup of a plant bush would a cover the Easter Watched
at the bank by my new drawing Shoe, warm, &
the warm heather Under the body. Must, must must—
Vote Red: with however, some curious addition, or
complication added to that infinitely complex Vision
Through which we look upon the world.

That the season of identity is over.

~~Life who becomes a Spectacle~~. Yes, but after a time
~~perhaps~~ with ~~perhaps some~~ difference — ~~so~~ to that when
for instance, ~~as Coming in to a Room~~, (are we then
~~Being~~ Mere. as a Spectacle. ~~It's a annoying, it's Decorative:~~
~~it is Better interesting. It's~~ It does not Concern me
as it used: ~~that~~) I feel no longer bubbles in my throat the
heard Egotistic sing. ~~of Youth~~. ~~It is annoying, Decorative.~~
~~Interesting, a Spectacle Shy~~ I do not ask a Corner: I do
not ask a perch. I do not feel that here is my
Chance (that I must snatch then: ~~that~~ ~~Or~~ the moment
will pass; ~~that pass~~ & I be forgotten. X So then
I went to Neville who had known me when I
was Byron, when I was Meredith Youngman,
when I was the hero in Wordsworthy whose name
I have forgotten. He had known many Bernards now
Dead. & I feel for some reason interested in — in — the late Gibbs
~~Late~~ something fresh outside these little affairs: I feel
to talk to what is big and I wish to talk — about

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~~I feel that~~ I pause for a moment: I look. I say to myself, thinking of Rhoda – this is when that old friends return to us – that the art there makes a fine background; ~~a~~ ~~there~~ & there's a perceptible shifting of perspective. Time has given the arrangement a little shake. And I relate myself, suffering perhaps a shade melancholy to overspread my countenance, to the wider, less intense world: to Shakespeare, Dryden, Racine, Baudelaire, ~~the~~ Keats & Coleridge: I see Lamb & Hazlitt, but their sudden shifting in the scene, their sudden use as another clock for our time keeping are specimens, parts of flowering old; & the reason why, melancholy me night, I sought Neville; I sought my oldest friend who had known me when I was Byron, when I was Meredith's young man, when I was that hero in Wordsworth whose name I have forgotten. He had thrown me a poem: his book: I found him reading at perfectly neat table; a curtain-pulled methodically straight; a paper knife dividing a French volume – nobody ever changes the attitude in which we saw them first: or the clothes. There was freedom; there was pressure: we ventured down that avenue; that avenue ~~from~~ where ran under the trees, ~~the~~ with under the thick leaved, whispering trees, the trees that are rich with immortal fruit; ~~one~~ which we have wandered to & fro together: until the fruit is have ground some of them: Montaigne for example; & some theological philosophy. What to meet I read; if I wake in the night I feel along the bookcase & pull out some volume. Then I accumulate a mass in my head a vast conglomeration; ~~of~~ a mass from which now & then I break off whatever comes to hand – Horace Walpole or Donne. I hurl ~~it~~

instead of pulling on my hardest hate then.

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hen in my hand, & say That's Horace going to talk to Madame
de Deland; or that's Shakespeare. How strange the
certainty & the recognition are! Nobody can dispute it
for a second. That's Keats - that's him himself, as he was
then. So we viewed the Moorish books, & showed
each other, in them like poems gamuts our discoveries: &
his ray falling on that from the other side, the lamp-rays,
gas's &c & then sank into me & there it stopped that are
so much more gentle than talk when a fire dies
in the waste of ashes; & a shape, as I stoked, &
sank back, that fire, that shape, into the depths
spreading round it a little ripple of satisfaction, Centred

which had now become curiously external, like a scene
that one is about to leave.

~~Had but~~ I wished them for Percival! How it caught me as I
left the room, the fangs of that old hair! ~~I had~~
~~not thought them for months~~ That devil for
a certain company. Who's? Percivals. Yes, thank I
had not thought them for months. I felt. I muttered.
how I could have said something to him about Neville
that no one else would understand; how we
would have walked off together arm in arm
laughing.

The perfect Gust blowing we cold, so sharp, off
revived in me some curiosity of what
about Edward & Louis? ~~what was~~ their relationship?
The rat in his attic, overlooking the wet roofs of
London; the fuzzed with frail moon black eyes - a
the nymph of the fountain always wet - the
~~wasting~~ fracture, & healthy figure who never
formed herself entirely to us, when we met; who

What was the nature

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seemed always beyond, far away, [illegible] who dreamt,
I figure her awkward with the tea kettle: I figure her
absent with moon, dreamy. But also remote as
the moon, unfeeling, child like, tender. 'Do you know
Lowes, coming down the Holborn saw a whole row of
old women wearing false noses!' 'And what were you
doing Holborn?' I figure them carrying on that kind
of [illegible] up there in his attic, with a few
Da Vinci's in the window box: blue books & a chair:
documents neatly filed. And then? How
lovely in the privacy of those to whom the world has
given much Hope! — Leaving them spoon, bare,
a priest anguish & difficulty, taking from them
some finale common gift which the gives the
Clerk, the typist, — they never achieved the daily
Carnal food fellowship, nor came together, nor
sobbed, nor roared up in the storm of a fearless
fiercely tenderness — yet went, also, to the heart
of things, were our judges; were the silent people
whose verdict we often crave — themselves so
unconfident, so egotistical. Lowes, with his
long hands, seemed to clasp them, as the tides ajar
sucked down themselves with a slow anguish of effort,
compressing painfully the enormous tumult of
waters: An admirable administrator.
He [illegible] had gone over different lands, different customs: he
knew, he remembered: he heard the rumour of
ancient incantation: what has been said by
the Egyptian, the Indian, men with high cheek
bones, yellow men, brown men, & solitaries
in hair shirts. The bracing remedy for the

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hardest task of all, he went to the Strand, to an eating house, & mixed with those little men in tail coats, who talk about greyhounds & how to tell a friend, whom he (Odo) cd not because he feared them, & there with his finger crooked on the milk jug he proceeded to make straight lines for this infinitely narrow, & perilous & uncharted & unfounded life - to make straight lines with red ink & a fine nib.

Rhoda would then say to him, remembering Percival, away! the moon is dark beneath the moon - away! the fathoming winds will Call the darkness soon -

I am quoting; & I never remember a poem exactly. I am paying no respect to the flight & the abandonment, the Weidness & the anguish. the folly & the extreme unbearable discomfort & desolation & that relationship; also its simple childishness, its consolations, its little anecdotes; & how they talked a little language. brother words, Rhoda & Louis, before in a moment of extraordinary richness, in the Rulled Lands. An open window had always seemed to her an extraordinary attraction.

How much of this is true? How much imagination? What do we know of our friends? Are they not Partners against the sky? enfolding now Dim, now gigantic; And Life is a dream. Who am I, holding the paper in my hand? And The present moment: & down to sky! People are hidden from us. Their conversation is often speech. Life continues - for me

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to me the way - that way; led by some absorption hither & thither: what did he say - what did she? How often one speaks that one did not hear: never mentions, & saw them: the happiest hours.

However, I walk nicely by tapping the table. I ~~began was~~ remember.

There was Susan: Callingham child to her, she showed me the cucumbers & the tomatoes, & how the vine that had been half killed by frost was pushing out a leaf or two. "I am flutter with natural happiness. I listen & hear men's voices going about the farm giving orders. Calves are born. Lambs are laid by the kitchen fire. There is always a basket by the kitchen fire of rabbits.

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Did Mum talk like something like that; or am I inventing it?
Our friends — are they not almost unknown?
Yet let them die & our life goes on: The moon fades.
Susan, married to her farmer, shooed me the
Cucumber & the tomatoes & how the vine that had
been half killed by frost was pushing out a leaf a
few; Susan walking rather heavily with her dogs
across her meadows; Susan whose chorus had been
"I love: I hate!" And when she trundled into
Market-town her old Ford car, the iron mongers
stacked her with trust; & all the children, buying tools.
Guns; bubbled out of the can like cuckoos: & the
measured them against the drawing-room door;
& went about the fields attended by dispersed
Creaking men, & barking dogs, pointing at
her stick at roots, hedges, walls fallen into disrepair.
The pigeons followed her, waddling their way & that
for the grain that she let fall from her earthy
Cabbage fingers." But I no longer use at dawn" she
said—

And Jenny would be glowing entertaining a new
young man. The occasion, gratifying her were
Carefully arranged not to interrupt important
Conversations, dealings in half lit rooms; for while the
Forgot the moment, She achieved at last
Without effort, clear as crystal, courageous,
Unlearn life must enter into those that heart
Grin barbed. Sorrow, like a Yoke are
Darken to meet, valiantly, She ~~Sobs~~ added
To her experience; & grew older truthfully,

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arranging her one whole look – the felt y eye – as of two or a
fish – to be accepted, treated fearlessly. When they
come to bury her, every thing must be pieces. That moment
must be faced like another. Meanwhile, the door
bell rings; there is who comes in! And she
advances to meet him, cheerfully resigned, unwounded,
as on those first Spring nights when the sky under
the high London houses with all their reputable
homicidal joys mysteriously to her, scarcely
sheltered her love; & the squeak of trams had to
drown the cry of her delight: like & the rippling chaos had
to shade her languour, her delicious lassitude; &
the coolness & greenery were laid by nature to her
burning skin.

I love my friends: they left me with a recurrent satisfaction.
Let that morning from the table, I can share their attack
upon life. I become like an insect, many-eyed.
But which life is best? Mme. Nevelli's, Jinny's,
Susan's, Louie's, Rhoda's? Spread them on the
table & consider. I recall an occasion in early
autumn perhaps on a fine night when we dined
together in Hampton Court. Our discomfort, our
manners, was at first considerable. Each by that
time was committed to a statement; & the other
person coming along the road to the meeting place
dressed like this or like that, with a neck or without,
seemed to contradict it. I saw Jinny for
example look at Susan's earthy fingers; & then
hide her own. I, considering Nevelli, so firm
so exact, felt the nebulosity of my own life, with
all these phrases: the time vanished, because he

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was ashamed a little, of his success. Louis & Rhoda, the ~~quarrel~~ Conspirators, the theirs at table who take notes, felt, after all, Bernard can make the waiter fetch us rolls. In short, we saw for a moment distorted among us, the beautiful body of the perfect human being, whom we are not. All that we might have been, we saw; all that we had missed: a ~~Regret for~~ a ~~Grief~~. Grudged for a moment the others' glamour ~~for them~~ like small children. When a ~~Hero has his Share of the~~ Cake is cut ~~falls to them Share~~. & ~~The Hero~~ the one Cake - the only Cake - & ~~How much is left for me? They say~~. watching their hands dimmish.

However, we had our bottle of wine. & then, under that seduction, but our hearts, eased Comparing. & , half ~~way~~ through dinner began to feel enlarge slowly round us the world; ~~the big darkness~~ time, eternity. The wind, the rush of sea wheels - that is the roar of Peace rounding nevertheless all the ~~as Hamlet this~~ as we talk; And talk where? And who are we? By hospitable table in Hamlet Court. Come, this adventure always end: ~~in modest~~ ~~Dr cadet of~~ like: in a sense of my own ~~hedonistic~~ ~~hegemacity~~. I ~~the~~ shake the table with a thump. I loved measure then, with Confidence. I moved; but my only measure is a phrase. I forget what a that occasion. ~~at supper~~, when we walked down the avenue, some general tune had returned to me. Much softened, like the ~~I was like~~ echoes of voices laughing, from people one can not see. ~~dark~~ Against the gateway, against some cedar tree, I saw the ~~one~~ Neville, Louis, Jinny Rhoda Susan, vividly. ~~the~~ By ~~my~~ lives; ~~the~~ our Memination. And King William still seemed a ~~present~~ monarch; & his crown mere tinsel. But

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we, burning against the cedar flame – we, left, but grey mellow
mellow, we erect for a moment, blazing – what loved
we kept, a ray that we loosened, a love behind us?
What to then ~~Even~~ you ~~must~~ without harrow Can be
what sign of love; what I saw again the fadeless weaving
~~Good then~~, & the lady waiting

And then surrendered – heedless Jem. Jane & I, to his
work what abandonment, to the next leaf, the present
bird, to the warmth that hovered in ~~leaves~~ where
hot day; to the lights fretted like ~~white~~ ribbon on
~~flecked~~ water. We drew away; we were consumed in
the darkness of the tree; leaving Jane & Rhoda to
stand on the terrace by the urn.

Then, when we had met again; ~~two~~ two, should we be
despised by the river into what waters we now look
now that we have met again? Shall we be drawn under?

When we returned from that immersion, ~~stood with a~~
~~sense of shame;~~ & saw the ~~Castle~~ conspirators still
standing there, stood with some amusement; yes, a
some shame too, & some sense of pleasure, ~~who~~ pained; elbow; but we were satisfied,
~~we had no grudges to forswear~~; we were tired; &
whether what been good or bad, accomplished a left
undone, the cloudy veil was falling upon our
endeavour; the lights were sinking, as we paused
for a moment on the terrace that overlooks the
river & noticed the ~~The waiting swans last~~

~~In the~~ we dropped I daresay ~~many tears~~
all sorts of things; The steamers were landing
their passengers; & the motor omnibuses; & there was
some clearing, ~~a last dump;~~ ~~was~~ ~~felled but~~
parties ~~journey in a cloud~~ ~~left~~ ~~was~~ standing up,

interruptions:

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waving their hats & joining in some last song.
The sound of the chorus came to us over the water; ~~into which~~
2 we plunged into it then & there; & I felt that
~~instant~~ old ~~unique~~ impulse, to join the other boys in small
Cafes, who ~~sing~~ ~~always~~ ~~always~~ the same song, the which had
moved me, I do not know why, since I was a child, - to be
confused, mesmerised, thrown up & down on the wave of
almost senseless movement, sentiment, derision & mirth.
But not now. Oh no, I could not collect myself
sufficiently; I could not distinguish one thing from
another; or detach myself, or altogether recover myself,
from that endless exhilaration, when the whole
of life seem flowing from us, ~~without~~ our willing it,
& rushing wondrously on, away, out there,
under the arches of the bridge, round some
Clump of trees, or on ~~to~~ sea, out, where sea birds
wet a stake, where the wake - churned
wash sang, ~~came~~ ~~was~~ ~~out to~~ sea: that was the Kind of feeling.
But then 'must must must'; That began
again like the Concatenation of trucks in a siding;
like the blow of a hammer near at hand; - must go to
bed, must catch the train; must make the effort; &
the lights in the bedrooms of ~~make~~ ~~shopkeepers~~
Came out, ~~the taxis~~; And I thought "The
green grocer ~~is~~ ~~feathers the cat~~ ~~sits~~ ~~sings~~ to bed, ~~his wife~~;
they will eat the rabbit on Sunday; & he has started his
letter; I may win the prize in the football Competition..
And so we walked back to the station, ~~I~~ !
found myself ~~starting~~ my return ticket to Waterloo
firmly in my hand.

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Was this then the beginning of death? Was this a different fall? another kind of wave? a ~~differ~~ new assembly of elements, which, wounding & bursting & steaming away over the shore of time ~~with time~~ suggested current?

Can I struggle much longer? I asked myself — (I am an intermittent student: I do not say my lessons by any means at the stated hour: ~~this~~ ~~for~~ I was walking down Fleet Street at the rush hour when I said this:) Can I forever offer my enemy? For ever strike the taber & pipe? Must not I too consent & submit, & be swept under? Multitudinous, carrying attaché cases, dodging with incredible celerity in & out, buying newspapers — they went fast like a river in spate. They went fast roaring like a train in a tunnel. ~~At last~~, Leaving my chair, I crossed the street, & dived down a dark passage to the shop where they cut my hair. I sank my head back & was swathed in a sheet. The hair dresser began to pass his shears to & fro. ~~Felt towards to stop the oscillation of the steaming steel. So we are cut & laid in swathes, I said;~~ Looking glasses confronted me, in which I saw my ~~corpse~~ unreal body, the ~~half open~~ ~~forward~~ ~~boy in the sheet, a drop hanging~~ ~~in the~~ ~~back but erratic~~ Course. I am ~~&~~ people hanging in the sheet. I pettingly ~~beseeched~~ & hawed, ~~and the shears, the~~ ~~Scythes~~ persuaded to stop the oscillation of the steaming steel; So we are cut & laid in swathes, I said; ~~&~~ Swing your scythe, hay-makers. I sew. Cut. Lay low. Make us all lie as low as the damp meadows; here an ~~thing~~ old hawk, here a

The omnibuses were clogged;

as they pass a

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a ~~no~~ young one; ~~here~~ Thorn - Flowers weed.
Thankfully, we have no more to offer ourselves upon the
bare hedges to the wind & snow; no more to carry ourselves
Erect when the gale presses, or in those hallid noon days
~~when the colour is~~ pale day grow when there is no
~~light; no~~ when the bird creeps close to the bough; & the
& the damp whitens the leaf: we are become handy
that mysterious universe which. Weeks when we
are at our greatest, when brain red when we are
bound as slaves; ~~I am~~ we have renounced our station
among men, & lie now that withered mouldy weak,
dead ~~—~~ upon which, however, I can with ~~an~~ ~~great~~ expression in
the eye the handsome ~~in the bathing~~ glass as if he
listened to something in the distance; & instantly
my mouldy weed crackled shrivelled: flashed with currents
as one hundred one head & can catch light on a thousand
glass.

I thought of Susan then; & then of ~~I am not a~~
myths. Something catches my eye. And while he
brushed the fluff from my coat, I thought how,
~~of course~~ of cracked myself, made off, answered myself shrill
Good will, took my stick, went gently manger, that stick
to the strand again; & said I remember, hordes
one of those ghostly dear beyond with friends which one
which sometimes leave themselves entirely like in moments
of emotion, invent here. like these ancestors have I one by:
these men are your brothers;

Persuading Rhoda I was of course persuading
my own soul.

~~that a rough handsome looks in the glass~~
~~with an expression of curiosity I will not~~
Consent.

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I mean I stray & look & wander, & sometimes try long
to see, in the heart of somebody else's prayer into the dome: alone;
apt, to its own goal. But then, like the lost & wandering
dove, I find myself flashing, fluttering, descending
upon some curiously, some battered nave or absurd
Tombstone, with [illegible] laughter, with wonder.
I watch the sightseers with Baedekers thrust in hand,
whispering while the lost dove weeps in the dome, &
the organ indulges now & then in a moment of
Elephantine triumph. Louis would roof us
all in would he, under the dome: this usually
[illegible], [illegible], enchanted & often infinitely
varied lives; Louis ruling lines with red ink &
a fine nib: And then, standing on the top of the
Park, that look down Ludgate Hill, clogged with
omnibuses, for at even the next hour, I
said so long as a single hairdresser looks in the
glass with an expression of curiosity Punch will not
Convert.

But then, — And so home, we hum many the
usual nursery rhymes, Pillicock sat on
Pillicock hill, hark hark the dogs do bark,
& so on. mixed with May lines, such as O Lord
O death O time, & Let me not to the marriage of
true minds, & soon. Hungry & thirst-Eating & regularity;
turning up accordingly to appointment at eleven
thirty or eight o'clock sharp.

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The sense of one's own track

One day as I sauntered along a country lane I leant over a gate leading into a field & regretted so much later: so much unaccomplishment, & Pharaohs, for one cannot cross London to see a friend, life being so full of engagements, nor ever take steps to the Tropics & see a naked man wearing belt in the water: I said it had been a dream; I said it had been an important pleasure; I said that it had proved impossible for me, with my being so [illegible] always talking stuff from an old man in a train, to keep coherency: the sense of man, first savage, & still the new in tweeds & spats leaning over a gate: ~~the sense of one's~~ to What a vast an undertaking, I see. I cannot attempt it. I make to myself, secretly, as one will speak to a the companion with whom one has been on a voyage to the North Pole. Now it was all up: the food had given out: one must lie down in the snow, & let the wind heap a tomb.

I called to Bernard— the man who sits over the fire when everybody has gone to bed; the man who differs from the others, who changes according to the room. That 'I' who has been built up bit by bit in a beech wood, now on the hearth of a tiger, now in a walk through the streets, a leaning over the parapet at Hampton Court: who has been most mysteriously composed; ~~from the~~ from waves breaking, leaving some sediment: a tragedy: he has always been able, even in moments of emergency to see, at last, from his [illegible] submersion: to assert himself: to protest I

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it may be with laughter, trembling, savagely, or with a
fusion of I am Bernard.

Now as I leant over the gate leading into the field
from which one had a splendid view, of Hampton
Church, village, woods & hills lying beneath, that self
self made no answer. It threw up no opposition. ~~And then~~
~~said then~~, no phrase. And I said there is now nothing.
Life has destroyed me. No echo comes when I speak; no
varied words. This is more truly death than the death
of friends, a death in youth. I carry a dead body about the
world with me. I am merely the breathed figure I
saw in the hairdressers looking glass; taking up so
much space. I was like the eclipse, when the
sun went out, & left the earth, flowers, grass, fields,
summer foliage, withered, brittle, & fake. ~~But I~~
~~may live many years~~. I saw the figures we
had made; how they came together; how they ate
together; how they met in this room & that. I had
rushed from one to the other; I had flourished;
stayed at home, been suddenly busy; fetched &
carried; now joined this group, now that; always
kept hand at it by some extraordinary impetus, which
kept my nose pressed to the ground, or some scent;
with an occasional toss of the head, & snuff in the air.
Then back to the scent on the ground again:
What a litter, what a confusion! — with children
here by tens; here a sudden death; here food,
success; here hunted look, anxiety, perpetual effort, —
running hither & thither: There was nothing but
Dance & litter & dust & decay; ~~& my~~

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I had no more appetite to float; no more strength in me
even wh- to hang on longer; no more sharp teeth or
clutching hands. I desired to feel for myself the rope near,
the hot grape; the sun beating down from the
orchard wall.

Heard 'mum' then never stirred to happen, to knock-
knocking, & send me to catch the train! And home?
Oh but nobody knows this Bernard: he is alone,
sitting over the grey ashes of his fire: only shadows of
cinder fall when he stirs. And my pocket book,
stuffed with phrases — under B comes 'butterfly
powder" — I made that on Chesil on a bus, but
have never used it. And under W were many
for the deaths of friends. I had never got the
right word for Moon. And Rhoda had
fathom her own short cut, falling, by accident, down
stairs, from a window. And all the rest were living.
~~And the willow tree grew by the river.~~ And Mrs.
Constable pressed her shape. And the wood
pigeon clattered a wooden wing. And the gardener
pushed with great brooms. And the willow grew by the
river. And here was it — I saw me drag by a hank &
saw ~~a dead body.~~ the wood & the brute man stocky
against my opposite. And I dropped into the river. And
I stood on the steps of St Paul's rowing I would not
consent. ~~In all these lights~~ always my self
had been with me — the unmistakably solitary seedy
Confidency Constable animal. It lay prone in-
And the wood was a yellow-brown heat: the gate waved
wearily: my body the body who [illegible] you —
you — the ageing, rather heavy, stooping body of an elderly

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man who sits opposite to you at a little table in a
restaurant, heaping up [illegible] of bread crumbs.
over & again coveringy the [illegible] & the bear-pushes -
the beautiful mottled [illegible] of the fruit

Go, I said, where work the dust on the desert.
Under the porches, to make the one final effort,
to ~~reconstruct a vista~~, & advance, upon this rock.
landscape, alone; as if were without a self. As if
were without a mouth; without phrases; without
hope, shut & shake upon us. one draws the designs of
life; - as they like a bunch of grapes, each
cluster connected by a stalk. A man
without a self. A very lonely man. A man
perceiving whether there remained A man
who is ~~in love with~~ has lost the language. A man
hating phrases. A man seeking only that
little language, which lovers & children,
revered words, like these a child uses,
when it sees the sea, the cave, the table, the
hat.

And then again to stay quietly in endless
opposition upon this rock the fat [illegible]
submissive carcasses, bowing under landscape
where the sheep ardour, hastily lost.
munching as they move. A man without
self.

1st Feb: 1931